

1507/1279
E L E M E N T S

O F

M O R A L I T Y,

F O R T H E

U S E O F C H I L D R E N ;

W I T H A N

I N T R O D U C T O R Y A D D R E S S T O P A R E N T S .

Translated from the GERMAN of the
Rev. C. G. S A L Z M A N N .

I L L U S T R A T E D W I T H F I F T Y C O P P E R P L A T E S .
I N T H R E E V O L U M E S .

V O L . I I .

L O N D O N :

P R I N T E D B Y J . C R O W D E R ,

F O R J . J O H N S O N I N S T . P A U L ' S C H U R C H - Y A R D .

M , D C C , X C I .



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E L E M E N T S
O F
M O R A L I T Y.

CHAPTER. XVI.

ON the road Mr. Jones was very much amused with observing the plentiful harvest and the cheerful looks of the reapers. He admired, sometimes, the abundance of ears which grew from a few grains of corn; sometimes, the industry of the country people in cutting it down, making it up into sheaves, and carrying it into their barns. He was so charmed with the view, that he could not remain any longer in the coach; he stopped it, and after he had handed

2 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

out his wife and son, desired the coachman to follow them slowly.

They could now, on foot, observe all the objects far better than when they whirled by them; and they were astonished to see how many men received nourishment from a single field of wheat; and not only men obtained a subsistence from it, but likewise a number of birds, beetles, grasshoppers and field-mice: this afforded matter for conversation on various subjects.

Charles remarked that the grain did not appear equally fine in all the fields. In some the ears stood thick and strong, like a wood; in others it appeared thin: and, in several, was so mixed with weeds, that they could scarcely perceive that any had been sown. Charles could not conceive the reason of it: the fields, thought



thought he, are all the same soil; the blades grow up near each other exposed to the same weather, from whence comes this difference? He mentioned to his father this remark, and asked what could be the reason; had we not better enquire of a countryman? most people know something of their own business; and I see one yonder with such an honest countenance as makes me hope that he will readily answer our questions.

They went up to him, bowed, and asked why there was such a great difference in the crops? They added, that they had seen many fields so fruitful that they charmed their eyes; but others almost covered with thistles and weeds. Yes, yes, replied the peasant, smiling, these were certainly my neighbour Brown's fields; he has always on his ground trash, not worth carrying home.

4 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

But how can it be otherwise? When I and other farmers have been at work some hours, plowing or hoeing, he is still snoring in bed. When our corn is almost in the ear, he is sowing his seed; and when our after-grass is fit for mowing, he is only bringing home his first loads of hay. There he comes, there he comes! you will soon see, by his dress and gait, what sort of a man he is.

They turned and saw coming towards them a horse drawing a cart; but it was such a forry poor creature, it could scarcely put one foot before the other. Upon him sat Brown, with a tattered coat loosely wrapped round him, and his hat was so old and dirty, that it would not have been easy to guess what colour it had been. His hair was uncombed, and the feathers, which
came

came out of a soft bed, were stuck in it; his face was covered with red blotches, and he sat in such an indolent manner, as if he was scarcely awake, or ready to fall asleep. They expressed their surprize, and Charles declared, that he should not have believed that there were such idle people in the world, if he had not seen it with his own eyes. Yes, continued the honest countryman, the master resembles the fields, the horse the master, the house the horse; the kitchen, sleeping-rooms, dairy, farm-yard and barn—all are alike. He never takes the trouble to drive a single nail; and when a stick lies in his way in the road, he will stumble ten times over it before he will stoop to pick it up.—But as he makes his bed, so he must lie in it:—the fields produce, every year, less, and less; the house will fall down, and the horse be unable to drag the crazy cart any longer—and at last he

6 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

will be obliged to beg. Though he indulges himself thus, he is never content; nay, so long as I have known him, I have never seen him once laugh; and he has convinced me, *that an idle man will never be content.* Wherever he looks he sees work he has left undone; he sees all his property going to the dogs, which always puts him out of humour; and by sleeping too much and sitting still, his blood grows thick, and his limbs are stiff and heavy: how can such a man be in a good humour? I, for my part, ought to praise work; for I am never so happy as when I have something to do; I have then no dull hours; and when I walk over the ground I have turned up with the sweat of my brow, and see my corn waving—my very heart leaps for joy. You are right, my good friend, said Mr. Jones, do not forget this experience; stand firm to your plough, be industrious, and



An Idle Man will never be Content.

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and not only a good harvest will be the reward of your labour; but you will have health and cheerfulness while looking forward to it, and doing your duty in the station, in which God has placed you.

Saying so, they left him; and the coachman, a second time, telling them that if they went on at this rate, they should not get home before midnight, they got into the coach again; he smacked his whip—and away they went full drive.

Charles was sorry when they got into the carriage again; because he could not half so well enjoy the beautiful fields as when they walked. He leaned on the coach door to look as far as his eye could reach; and, as the coach whirled along very quick, it appeared to him as if the

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8 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

heaves, trees, fields and villages, passed by him: and this sight pleased him.

But his mother called to him; child, child, sit down, lest an accident should happen. He sat down, but asked why must I sit? When I am seated, I cannot see half so well the sweet fields and the other fine things as when I stand up and lean on the door; nor can I guess what accident could happen. You must, said Mr. Jones, always obey, when I or your mother desire you to do any thing, if you cannot guess why we bid you do it; for we are older than you, and must know better what will be useful or hurtful to you. As you grow up and acquire more sense, by attending to our instruction, and observing what men do, you will know the nature of things yourself; and instead of commanding, I shall reason with you. At present, you must trust us when

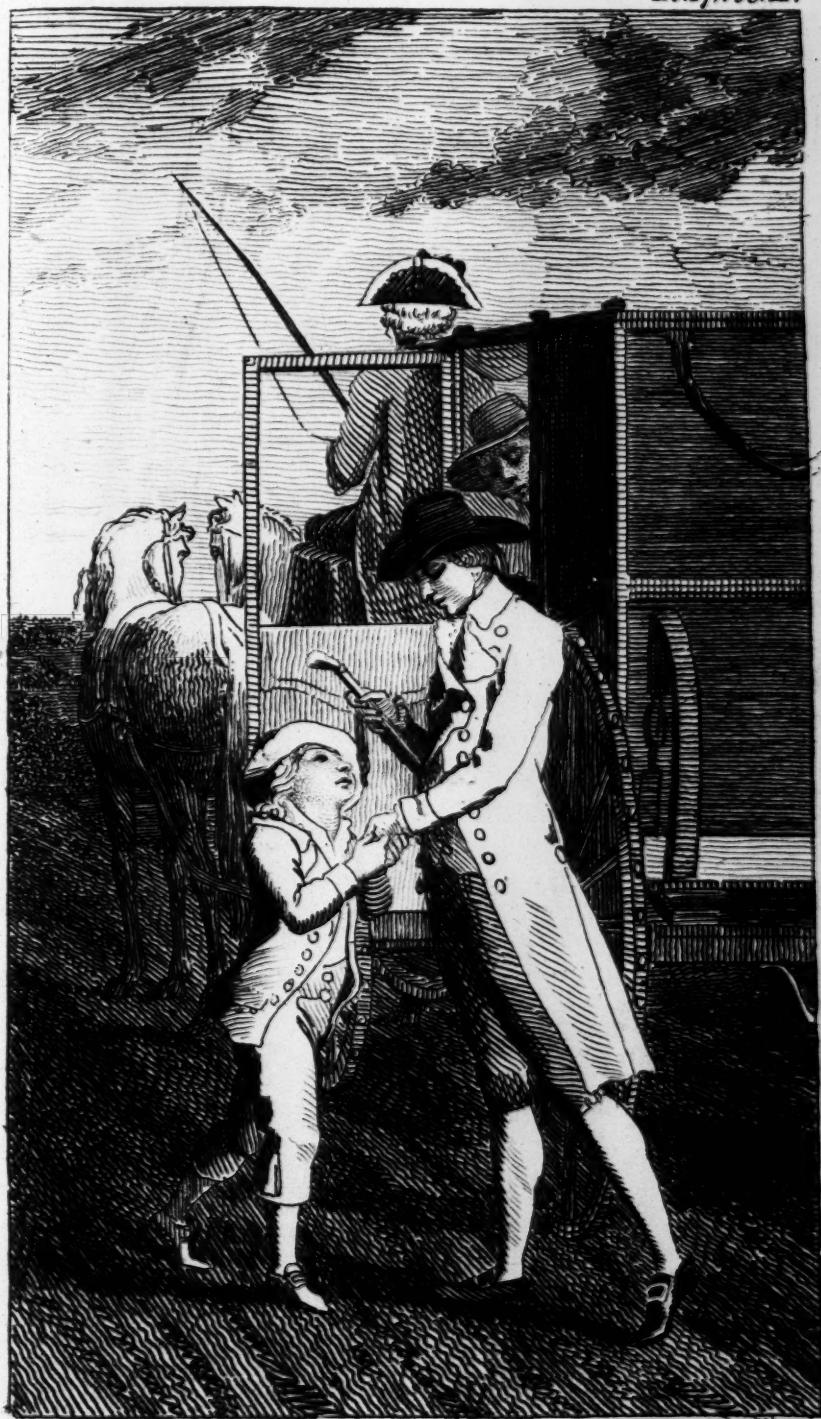
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we tell you, that a thing is not good for you. But if you wish to know why your mother refused to let you lean on the door, I will explain it to you, because it is not above your understanding.—Observe, that the door shuts with an iron spring only; but much jolting on a rough road may—Whilst he was saying so, the carriage passed over a rough stony place, which gave it such a jolt, that Charles was thrown forward into his mother's arms, the door on which he had leaned flew open, and Mr. Jones's cane fell out. The coachman was obliged to stop; Mr. Jones got out, and Charles followed him; and there lay the beautiful cane snapped in two, the wheel had passed over it. Charles turned pale when he saw it, and all his limbs trembled; he caught his father's hand,—O my dear father, said he, from what a dreadful accident has my good mother saved me! If she had not

10 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

warned me, or if I had not obeyed her before I knew the reason, I should have fallen out of the coach, and the wheel would have gone over my head, arms or legs.—Yes, dear father, *While I live I never will disobey you.* He sprang into the coach, embraced his mother, and promised, with tears in his eyes, never to be disobedient. They were all so affected by this accident, that they sat some time without speaking a word.

CHAP.



While I live I never will disobey you.

Published by J. Johnson. Jan^y 1. 1791.

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CHAPTER XVII.

THEY might have remained much longer in this state, if their silence had not been interrupted by a new and unexpected accident. As the coach mounted slowly up a hill, Mr. Jones observed a man very shabbily dressed walking before it. He shook his head and said, I know that man, yet cannot now recollect where I have seen him. I hope it is not—no, impossible; it cannot be—he was a very rich man. The coach now overtook him; the man stopped, and made Mr. Jones an humble bow. What do I see, cried Mr. Jones? It is he! it is he! stop, Nicholas!

12 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

The coachman stopped; Mr. Jones got out of the carriage, and allowed Charles to follow him.

Are you not, asked Mr. Jones, Mr. Noel, whom I knew in London about twenty years ago ?

Mr. Noel. (sighed) Yes, I am he. And you—I should know you;—are you—are you not Mr. Jones ?

Mr. Jones. Right, I am he. But my old friend, you seem to be in a distressed state. Have you been unfortunate ? Have you lost your fortune at sea ; or has a fire consumed your substance ?

Mr. Noel. Alas ! no.

Mr. Jones. Have thieves or sharpers plundered you ?

Mr. Noel. No, no.

Mr. Jones.

Mr. Jones. Or have you lost all by a law-suit?

Mr. Noel. Nothing of all this, If I could attribute my misery to any of those causes, I should still find some; but I cannot—I myself am the cause; from myself comes all my misery. *Prodigality has made me poor.*

Mr. Jones. Prodigality?

Mr. Noel. Yes, prodigality. My father left me forty thousand pounds. I married a wife who brought me twenty thousand more: but we neither of us knew how difficult it is to acquire money, and how easy to spend it. We did not believe that it was possible to dissipate such a large fortune, and paid little attention to the expences of our family, or the management of our house. Every thing that pleased us we purchased. My wife

14 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

wife followed every new fashion, and I wore the most extravagant clothes. As soon as a dress was a little out of fashion, or worn by the common people, we gave it away. Our own countrymen could not make furniture to please us, we sent to Paris for a number of useless things. We drank the most costly wines, had the dearest dainties, a few weeks before our neighbours, who had more prudence; went to all the public amusements, and had continually large card-parties at home; in short, we had a splendid equipage. I had seen a noble pleasure-ground belonging to a Duke; the foolish idea of turning my meadows into such a one came into my head. I expended, in this manner, twenty thousand pounds of the principal, beside the interest of the whole. At the end of five years, I remarked that this extravagant

way of living could not last long, because I had already wasted more than half my fortune. I mentioned our circumstances to my wife; but, she said, that we could not retrench our manner of living without appearing mean in the eyes of all our acquaintance. We had a large estate to expect from a rich uncle, who could not live long; and when we inherited his fortune, we could very well afford to live in the same way we had done ever since our marriage. I suffered myself to be persuaded: my expences always exceeded my income, and most part of the things I purchased were superfluities: thus did I throw away my fortune and plunge myself in debt, always hoping that my uncle would soon die. He did not die; and my debts increased every year, till they amounted to such a considerable sum, that when he did die at last, his noble legacy (for on
account

16 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

account of my extravagance, he left the estate to a distant relation, whom he had a better opinion of) was not sufficient to satisfy my creditors; they now grew importunate, suspicion was roused, and they seized my house, furniture, garden and clothes, in short, all I had left—but all was not sufficient to clear me, so I was sent to prison. My wife could not long endure this misery; for having been accustomed, from her infancy, to live a life of indolent ease, and to follow selfish pleasures, she had not sufficient strength of mind to bear up against poverty; it appeared so frightful to her, that in a few weeks, grief brought her to her grave. And I—if I had died with her, what misery should I have escaped! I should not have seen the contempt which my old acquaintance have shewn me. Here he sighed bitterly—and his voice was choked by his groans.

Mr. Jones.



Prodigality has made me poor.

Published by J. Johnson. Jan^y. 1791.



Mr. Jones. I pity you; yet cannot conceive how you could have acted so inconsiderately. When you saw that you exceeded your income one year, why did you not live within bounds the next? For if you had thought a moment, the consequence must have occurred to you—you must have foreseen your ruin.

Mr. Noel. You are in the right—you think like a reasonable man; but I and my wife were spoilt in our youth. As our parents were rich, we obtained from them all we desired—Yes, more than we desired. We eat every day a dinner, such as children should never partake; one course followed another; we wore the most expensive clothes, and when we wished to pay a visit, two fine horses were harnessed to the coach to carry us in state. Thus from our infancy we lived a foolish life; and as we had
not

not acquired any useful knowledge, when we grew up, we could not turn to more rational pursuits; we had not strength enough to practice virtue, nor sense to seek for knowledge; and our slavery to vanity was so great, that we could not deny ourselves any thing our weak minds longed for.—How happy I should now be, if my father had been a day-labourer. I should have been content with homely fare, have thankfully eaten a crust of brown bread, drunk small-beer, and have made this little journey with pleasure. But, dear Jones, you cannot suppose how woeful it is, how hard it is to submit when a man in his youth has pampered his appetite, eaten dainties, drank good wine, and always rode in a coach, to be obliged in his old age to accustom himself to miserable food, and to go miles on foot.

Mr. Jones

Mr. Jones was affected by this relation, particularly as he saw that he did not attempt to deceive him, but owned his folly. He promised him that he would think of some way to help him; but requested him, without saying any more, to come into the coach, and sleep that night at his house. Mr. Noel looked stedfastly on him with sorrowful eyes, while a blush rose in his cheeks, and faintly asked, if he would not be ashamed to sit by the side of a beggar?

If you are sincerely sorry for your past life, and intend to begin a new one, I shall never be ashamed of you—God forbid!

He was now seated in the carriage, when he had a little recovered himself, recounted many more particulars of his past life, and present misery; and earnestly
addressing

20 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

addressing Mr. Jones, he said, if your children are dear to you, do not let them live a life of idleness and luxury! Men may at any time, when they acquire a fortune, enjoy the pleasures of life; accustom themselves to good cheer, and wear more costly clothes, but it is difficult, yes, very difficult, to bring one's self to relish coarse food after wild-fowl and pastry—to submit to wear dirty rags, or even coarse clothes, when we have been dressed in fine linen every day.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BEFORE they had finished this conversation, they reached Bristol. Mary had been a long time watching at the window, waiting for the arrival of her dear parents. Now she discovered the coach; in a moment she was on the steps, and before her parents and brother got into the door, embraced them weeping, and could only bring out, my father! my mother! my brother! They kissed her very tenderly; Charles brought her some fruit which the Curate had given him, and she received it with pleasure.

Mr. Jones conducted poor Mr. Noel to a room, and begged him to accept of a coat and some linen; then he returned to his parlour, and said, this evening I shall

shall not think of business, I will spend it with my family.

He afterwards called Mary to him, and began carefully to enquire how she had employed her time during their absence. She then related all; brought down the bonnet which the maid had washed, shewed the work that she had done, and the copies she had written; nay, repeated some stories, which she had read, in such a distinct manner as proved that she had paid attention to them while she was reading.

The mother examined her work, and asked if she had done it all herself. No, answered she, my cousin did the left seam of the shift, while I worked at the right. But, asked her father, have you had no one to visit you? Yes, Charlotte has been to see me and my three cousins,
and

and I went out to drink tea yesterday with my aunt.

Mr. Jones. Has any thing else happened?

Mary. Be not angry with me, do not frown, I have broken something.

Mr. Jones. What?

Mary. When my cousins were here, we played at blind-man's buff; and when I was blinded, I ran against the closet, and knocked down one of the best china cups.

Mr. Jones. Indeed you should not have been so giddy; but you shew your sense in not concealing or denying it.

During this conversation, Mary's aunt entered, who took care of the house while they were absent. Mrs. Jones enquired
how

how her little charge had behaved, and received a very particular account, which perfectly agreed with the one they had just had from Mary herself.

Good girl,—said Mr. Jones, you might have told us lies; but what purpose would it have answered? we should soon have discovered that you told them, and then we could never again have believed what you said; for when I discover that a child or a servant has once told me a lie, I cannot trust or respect them. But you have related every thing just as it happened, *you have spoken the truth, and now I see that you love truth, I shall always in future believe you.* Then her father and mother kissed her,

While they were expressing the pleasure they felt in finding that they could confide in their daughter, and that she would tell truth, though she exposed her
own



*Now I see that you love Truth, I shall always
in future believe you.*

Published by J. Johnson. Jan^y. 1791.



own faults, they were interrupted by the entrance of a stranger.—He caught Mr. Jones by the hand with great warmth, and said, how glad I am, dear Sir, that after so many years I can again shake your friendly hand! Mr. Jones was not a little surprized by the tendernefs and familiarity of a clergyman, who was entirely unknown to him. I cannot recollect, said he, that I ever had the honour of knowing you. Not me, said the clergyman laughing; do you not remember little Jack, who used to sit by you at the writing-table at school. Yes, I remember him well, answered Mr. Jones, but—

But you cannot conceive, interrupted the clergyman, how the poor son of a taylor should have acquired the appearance of a gentleman? To be frank, said Mr. Jones, it does surprize me, and I am

26 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

very desirous to know how it happened—
pray be seated, and satisfy my curiosity.

He seated himself on the sofa, and related with great spirit the singular history of his life. You know, said he, that after my father's death, my god-father took me home, intending to have me taught a mechanical trade; but before he could fix on a master, I had been some time in his house. I passed great part of my time in his study. I looked into many books, and when I found one that pleased me, I read it through with great attention, and often forgot my meals, I was so eager to go on. I used to copy the most striking passages, and repeat them to my god-father. My desire to know what the books contained was so great, that a few Latin words did not frighten me; I took a Latin dictionary, and was at the trouble to hunt after them;
and

and when I could not find them, I asked my god-father. That worthy man finding me one day in his study, shut the door, and asked me if I had a desire to apply myself to learning? I replied, that I had indeed a very strong desire, but he knew my situation, and that as I was indebted to his bounty for every thing, I must be directed by him. Well, said he, I will try you for a twelvemonth, and if you are diligent, I will send you to a school. I do not know what I said, I was so pleased; I assured him that I would willingly go without a coat to learn Latin.

He delayed not, but next day engaged a master for me, whom I every day attended. He was a good, as well as a learned man, and was so well pleased with my improvement, that he prevailed on my god-father to let me remain under his

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care,

care, till I was old enough to go to college. Before I went, I studied day and night. I knew that all my time must be employed to improve my mind, if I wished to become a gentleman. I listened silently to the conversations of old men, was attentive to my master's instruction, and never began one book before I had finished another. My master had more pupils; I assisted to teach them, and when I went to college, he so warmly recommended me, that I had several young men placed under my care, to whom I became a private tutor, which I was very glad of, because I did not wish to draw more money from my kind god-father than was absolutely necessary. I was respected by the superiors in the college.—But not to tire you, from being chosen a Fellow, I became a Professor, a Doctor of Divinity, and, in consequence of some books I published,

published, which have been approved of, I obtained a considerable living.

So you are then, asked Mr. Jones, full of astonishment, a Doctor of Divinity, a Professor, and have a good living? I now perceive that my opinion is true, for I have always thought *that a good understanding was better than riches*. I have now in my house a man, who once was worth near a hundred thousand pounds, and now he is a beggar. And you, who never had a farthing from your parents, have, by your understanding and industry, acquired a considerable fortune, and respectable rank.

I am entirely of your opinion, replied the Doctor; if in their youth men cultivate their understandings and acquire useful knowledge, they may afterwards acquire a fortune. But if we gained the

30 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

wealth of the Indies, it would not purchase understanding. And how quickly may a man be deprived of riches!—Fire, inundations, wars, thieves, law-suits and other misfortunes, may in a short time make a rich man poor.—But if my house should be reduced to ashes, and all my property destroyed by storms, my cultivated understanding would still remain to comfort me, and enable me to live—that no one can rob me of, without depriving me of life.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHILE Mr. Jones was conversing with the Professor, Mrs. Jones went into the dining parlour to make some enquiries about the supper. She had already given her orders to the cook, and she went now to see how they were executed; she found, however, every thing on the table she had ordered, except some preserved cherries. Why, said she to the cook, have you not brought the preserved cherries?

Preserved cherries! preserved cherries! I did not hear you order any, answered she, with a face as red as scarlet.

Mrs. Jones then desired her to bring them now, and Betty left the room, but

32 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

not returning, Mrs. Jones followed her, and asked her why she did not bring the cherries? There are no more, was her answer. No more! said Mrs. Jones, last week the jar was half full, for I looked into it, and we have not had any brought to table since. Betty endeavoured to persuade her mistress that she was mistaken; but as she always made a point of looking over her household matters in a regular manner, she was sure of the fact, and as no one went to the store-room but Betty, she only could have emptied the jar. Mrs. Jones now said, with a firm tone of voice, that she must have stolen the cherries—at last Betty owned she had eaten them.

But, said Mrs. Jones, how could you be so inconsiderate and greedy, when you want for nothing? you have a part of every thing which comes to our table—
why

why did you take what did not belong to you? Now Betty began to cry, and said, I have been a glutton from my infancy. Whenever I went to my mother's closet, I took an apple or a pear, though she had just given me one, and if she sent me to buy any sweet things, I tasted them before I brought them to her. I became by degrees such a glutton, and so fond of nice things, that I used to eat them all up from my brothers and sisters, who never let me partake of their feasts, because I eat my own cakes alone. This habit has so grown upon me, that when I see any thing nice I cannot help eating it in a corner, and eat till I am sick—I eat so many of those cherries, that nurse thought I should have died with a pain in my stomach; she made me take two or three basons full of camomile tea, and I have hated the sight of preserved cherries ever since.—Pray forgive

34 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

me, dear mistress, whilst I live I will never do it again!

How can I believe, answered Mrs. Jones, that it will not happen again, when you have owned, that though it makes you sick, you cannot conquer this mean, selfish habit. I must have some proof of your amendment before I trust you again;—give me the key of the store-room, *for when I know that a servant is a glutton, I dare not confide any thing to her care.*

Betty entreated to be forgiven, shedding many tears, and hoped that her mistress would not expose her to her fellow-servants; for, if they knew that she was a glutton, they would despise and laugh at her. I know very well, answered Mrs. Jones, that gluttony is very disgraceful; but is it my fault that you
4 have

have acquired such an hateful habit? I have once or twice reprov'd you gently; now, since you have not listened to me, I must expose you to the family, to see if that will cure you. Nay, the pimples on your face expose your gluttony; we should seldom look ugly, or be obliged to take nasty medicines, if we did not greedily overload our stomachs; and if we forget our duty in private, and cheat our fellow-creatures of their share, it is but just that we should be laughed at in company, and called what we really are, *giuttons*.

She was obliged immediately to deliver up the key; and, in future, Mrs. Jones always counted out whatever she gave her.

This disagreeable accident disturbed Mrs. Jones; and she was obliged to stop

36 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY. .

a moment, to smoothe her brow, before she went to supper, that she might not interrupt the pleasure of the meal, or let her husband or guests see that she had been discomposed by her servant.

She enquired for Mr. Noel, but was informed that he was ashamed to appear, and wished to sup in his own room. Mr. Jones then went himself to him, and said, you have already spent many sad evenings lamenting over your folly, come now and partake of our frugal meal; it will neither remind you of your former abundance, nor your present poverty.

They now surrounded the table; and Mary, who was with her mother when she reproved Betty, determined not to eat more than her share of the plumb-pye, lest she should acquire a habit that
would

would expose her to shame and ridicule, beside making her sick and ugly. The Professor related many more remarkable things which had happened to him since he saw Mr. Jones, and they all heard him with attention, particularly Mr. Noel; and when he was informed that the genteel man before him, who conversed so sensibly, had been a taylor's son, he sighed bitterly at the recollection of his own folly—sighed to think how much money had been thrown away on his education; and how foolish he looked in the presence of a learned man, because he had neglected to acquire knowledge and improve his understanding. I see plainly, said he, that those who do nothing but play and amuse themselves in their youth, will never in their old age be respected.

When the Professor was going to take leave of them, he smiled, and said,

38 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

but I have not told you all, I am going to be married to a young lady who lives in your neighbourhood. I became acquainted with her when she nursed her father, who was several months confined to his room at Oxford. I found her a sensible good girl, who knew how to manage a house, and was not fond of dress; she read to her father, and taught her two younger sisters to read, write and work. After I found she had an affection for me, I asked her father's consent; he readily gave it, but we were obliged to defer our marriage till I obtained my living. Now I am in possession of it the day of our marriage is fixed, it is to be three days hence; and, as I wish to have a jovial day, I would gladly have all my friends round me; and you my first friend, dear Mr. Jones whom I loved when we played at ball together, pray come, and
your

your whole family—you must not refuse me.

That the invitation was agreeable to his wife, a significant smile informed Mr. Jones; so, after wishing his school-fellow joy, he promised to be at the wedding; and they parted very affectionately.

CHAPTER XX.

MRS. JONES was not fond of drefs ; ſhe always drefſed herſelf and her children in a neat becoming manner ; but was never eager to be the firſt to adopt a new faſhion, nor did ſhe ever wear any thing ſingular or conſpicuous. But, when ſhe was obliged to appear in public, or to pay a viſit, like the preſent, ſhe thought it decent to conform a little more in her drefs to the taſte of her acquaintance ; and this was not very troubleſome, though ſhe ſeldom paid formal viſits, or went to public places, except now and then when ſhe attended ſome of the public breakfasts at the Hot-wells.

She reflected, the following morning, how ſhe ſhould drefs herſelf and her children.

children. She found that it was not necessary to buy many new things; but soon perceived, that those she had required considerable alteration.

On these occasions Mary had always some employment; now she had the muslin to hem which was to flounce her mother's gown. She was very willing to do it, for it was her greatest pleasure to obey and assist her mother; but, when she saw the length of the flounce, and heard that it must be finished by the next day at noon, she shook her head, and said, dear mother, that is impossible; I cannot, in so short a time, do all that. I will tell you, said the mother, how you may do it: you must now work constantly, and not leave off when you are a little tired, or find it troublesome; and not rise from your seat every moment to run here and there; nay, you must not
look

42 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

look about every minute but pay attention to your work ; and both to-day and to-morrow morning, never quit it when you can possibly help it—and, above all, think of what you are about, and do not begin any thing else. Try this plan for an hour or two, and see what you can do—through *perseverance we may do many things which we thought impossible*. Mary laughed, and said, I will see what I can do.

During this conversation, Mr. Jones was thinking of very different matters. He thought of what he should do effectually to serve Mr. Noel; he reflected some time; and, at last, came to a resolution, and sent for him.

He came with a very humble, sad countenance, and almost trembled; when Mr. Jones called him friend, he glanced his

his eyes on the clothes he had received from him, and seemed to say, pardon my poverty.

Mr. Jones. Your situation makes me very uneasy; be assured I feel for you; can you think of any thing that I can do to help you?

Mr. Noel. Help me! help me!—would to God it were possible; but I see no possibility.

Mr. Jones. Indeed it is impossible for you to live in the expensive manner you did formerly; for if I was to give you my whole fortune, it would only last a few years; and, after that, you would be as poor as you now are.

Mr. Noel. Oh, do not kill me, Sir, with remarks on my unpardonable folly! I am racked when I think of my former conduct, and heartily ashamed of it; nay,
I cannot

44 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

I cannot believe that I should ever return to my former excesses. I am accustomed to plain food, and content with it; and had I decent clothes of my own, I should be quite satisfied with them.

Mr. Jones. If you would be satisfied with receiving a trifle, every day, I could afford to allow it you. But could you resolve to live on charity?

Mr. Noel. On charity!—(here his voice faltered, and tears rushed into his eyes)—On charity!—excuse me, Sir; what an insult it is, what a bitter mortification for a man, who had from his father such a fortune, and has always lived in abundance, to live on charity!

Mr. Jones. I readily believe it; but how else can I help you? Have you a desire to earn a subsistence?

Mr.

Mr. Noel. Yes, gladly would I work, do any thing to avoid living on alms. It is not a shame for an old or a sick man to receive an alms; but I have health and strength: how can I live on charity without rendering myself contemptible. Yet how can I earn a subsistence?—I have learned no trade.

Mr. Jones. I have heard you speak French—have you not learned to write and cast accounts?

Mr. Noel. I can do both tolerably; but I could not get a place in London; no one would employ an extravagant gentleman.

Mr. Jones. My friend, now are you still dearer to me than ever you were. You have committed a great fault; but you are an honest man. If you wish to work,

48 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

work, live with me. I will daily give you letters to write and copy, and accounts to keep; and allow you, beside your board, fifty pounds a year. Be careful, and if you punctually and orderly attend to business, I will increase your salary; and in time, when you know something of trade, will enable you to be your own master. Yes, if I see that you can be attentive to business, and learn order and oeconomy, I do not despair of seeing you a respectable merchant some years hence.

Mr. Noel. If you would do so, and enable me to earn my own bread, you would, good Sir, save my life and honour.

Mr. Jones. Accept of ten guineas, as a token of friendship, to buy you some necessaries, till you can earn them. —I am not giving an alms, but a pledge of my regard.

Mr.

Mr. Noel was so touched by this generosity that he could not utter a word; at last, big tears rolled down his cheeks, and he exclaimed, God bless you and your family! God has sent you to heal a penitent, almost broken heart—he was going on, calling him his benefactor and preserver; but Mr. Jones went out, saying, compose yourself—I will send your dinner to you; and, at tea, let me see you become one of my family—let me have the pleasure of seeing you grow virtuous and contented.

Going out he met his wife, who tenderly took his hand, and told him that dinner was ready. He followed her, sat down, eat with a tolerable appetite; but said very little. She was very desirous to know the cause of his silence. She asked him many questions; yet his answers did not satisfy her.

After

48 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

After the cloth was taken away, she rose and said, I will see if I cannot make you talk. Saying so, she took a flask of fine wine, which her mother, the day before, had made her a present of. Here, my dear, silent husband, said she, here is something to untie your tongue.

She poured out a glass, he took it with a smile, and tasted it.

Well asked she, is it good?

Good! very good, my dear, answered he; but I have just tasted something much sweeter than the most costly, exquisite wine—the pleasure arising from benevolence. I have to-day put Mr. Noel to the test, and found him an honest man; and, in consequence of this conviction, I have given him a place in my counting-house, and have promised him a salary.





*Amongst all our Pleasures the most
delightful is that of doing Good.*

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a salary. If he appears to be industrious, faithful and orderly, I hope in a few years to take him into partnership, or put him in a way to trade for himself. If you had but seen his gratitude: he wept, he prayed God to bless me and my family—my wife, my children; saying so, this worthy man embraced his wife and children, and his face was lighted up with love and benevolent pleasure—*amongst all our pleasures, the most delightful is that of doing good.* This wine, continued he, has an agreeable taste in my mouth, it tickles my palate, and, in a few minutes, it will be over; but if I am so fortunate as to save Mr. Noel, if I can take him out of idleness and beggary, and make him an industrious man, who without anxiety may earn a livelihood for himself—this would be a source of joy to me during my whole life. Every time I saw him, my heart would whisper me, behold

50 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

the man thou hast rescued; then should I feel the same pleasure as you feel, when the good girl comes to see you, whom you educated, when her father and mother left her helpless, without a friend to take care of her.

You are right, my dear husband, said Mrs. Jones; let us continue, with part of our fortune, to relieve the miserable, so shall we have delightful recollections in our old age when we cannot enjoy any other pleasure.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XXI.

THIS conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a young man, whom Mr. Jones had taken on trial into his counting-house, and given different employments to, that he might find out what he had learned, and whether he had made a good use of his time before he came to him. He brought what he had written, an English and French letter, and some bills he had cast up. Mrs. Jones left the room.

Mr. Jones looked over them, and shook his head. In what language is this letter written? asked he, holding it to him.

In French, replied the young man.

In French, continued Mr. Jones, indeed I should not have guessed it, if you had not told me so; I cannot understand it, there is not a line without a fault. And this English letter—look at it yourself, what false grammar and strange spelling! Do you call this English? and the bills are very carelessly cast up; in this you have made a mistake of twenty pounds, not to take notice of the blunders in the pence and shillings.

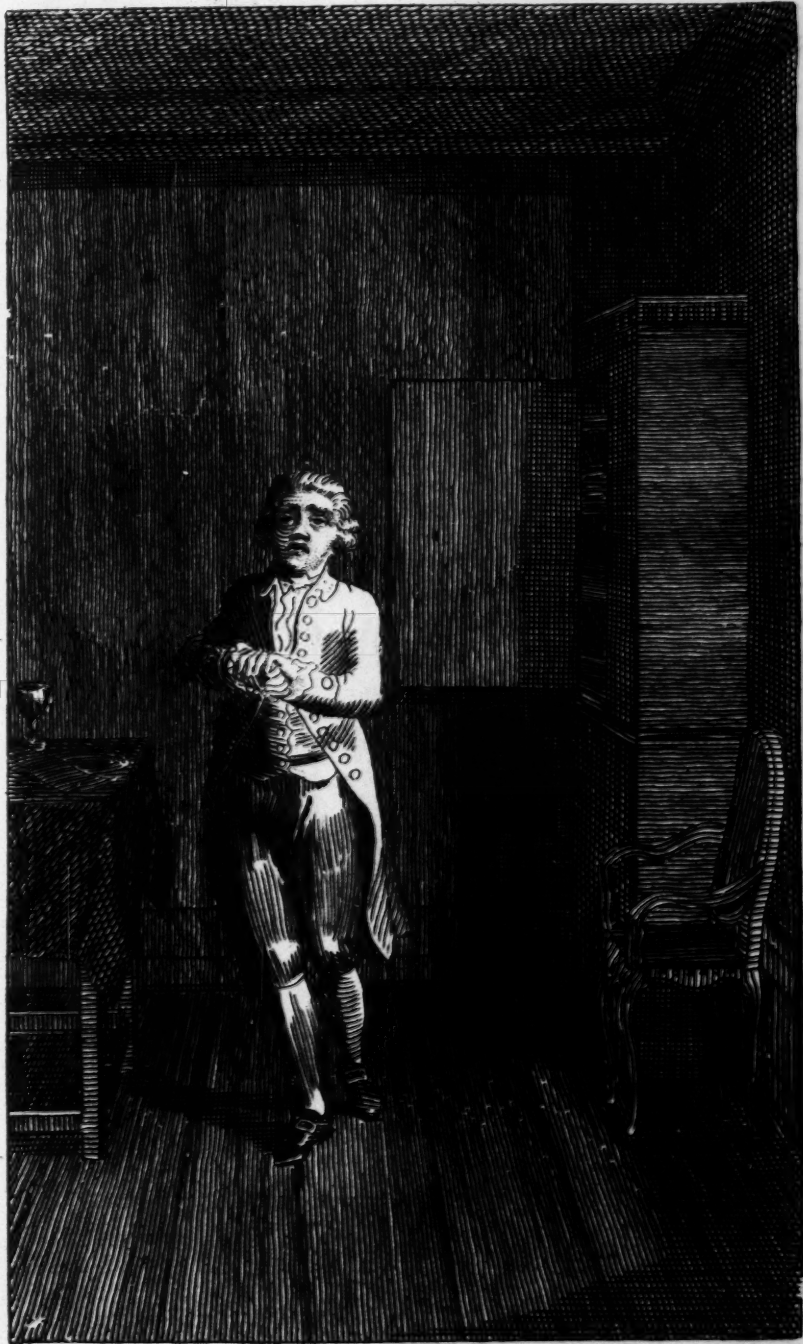
The young man blushed, and could not bring out a word in his own defence. I pity you, added Mr. Jones, you are an unhappy youth; I cannot employ you in my counting-house. Pray Sir, cried the youth, do not send me back; I will promise to be very attentive, and I still may learn something. That you should have done before, interrupted Mr. Jones, you are not come to me to learn French, writing

writing and accounts; but to be useful in my business. You can do nothing properly, I cannot trust you; I must have a youth in my counting-house, who has made a better use of his time. No more need be said about it; pack up your clothes to day, and to-morrow I will send you home in the stage; and that you may see that I pity you, I will defray the expences of your journey. The young man would have still continued to entreat, but Mr. Jones went out of the room, saying, as he shut the door, you hear my determination, it is vain to dispute it; I know your father sent you to a good school; I cannot keep a clerk who has idly wasted the years of his life best calculated for improvement. If we do not attend to the seed time, we must never expect a harvest.

54 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

The young man stood a moment silent, then walked, in an agitation up and down the room, saying, what will my father and mother think of it when I am sent back to them! they will die of grief; and all my acquaintance will laugh at me. How much money has been laid out on me, and I know nothing!—*Oh, that I could call back the years that are past*, when I might have learned so much! but my thoughtlessness and fondness for play has prevented my receiving any benefit from good instruction.

Mean while Mrs. Jones was preparing for the approaching wedding; and she found that she must buy some new ribbons and gloves, and other millinery ornaments. She then determined to go herself to a chamber millener, who had been very warmly recommended to her, that no time might be lost. She soon
found



Oh that I could call back the years that are passed.

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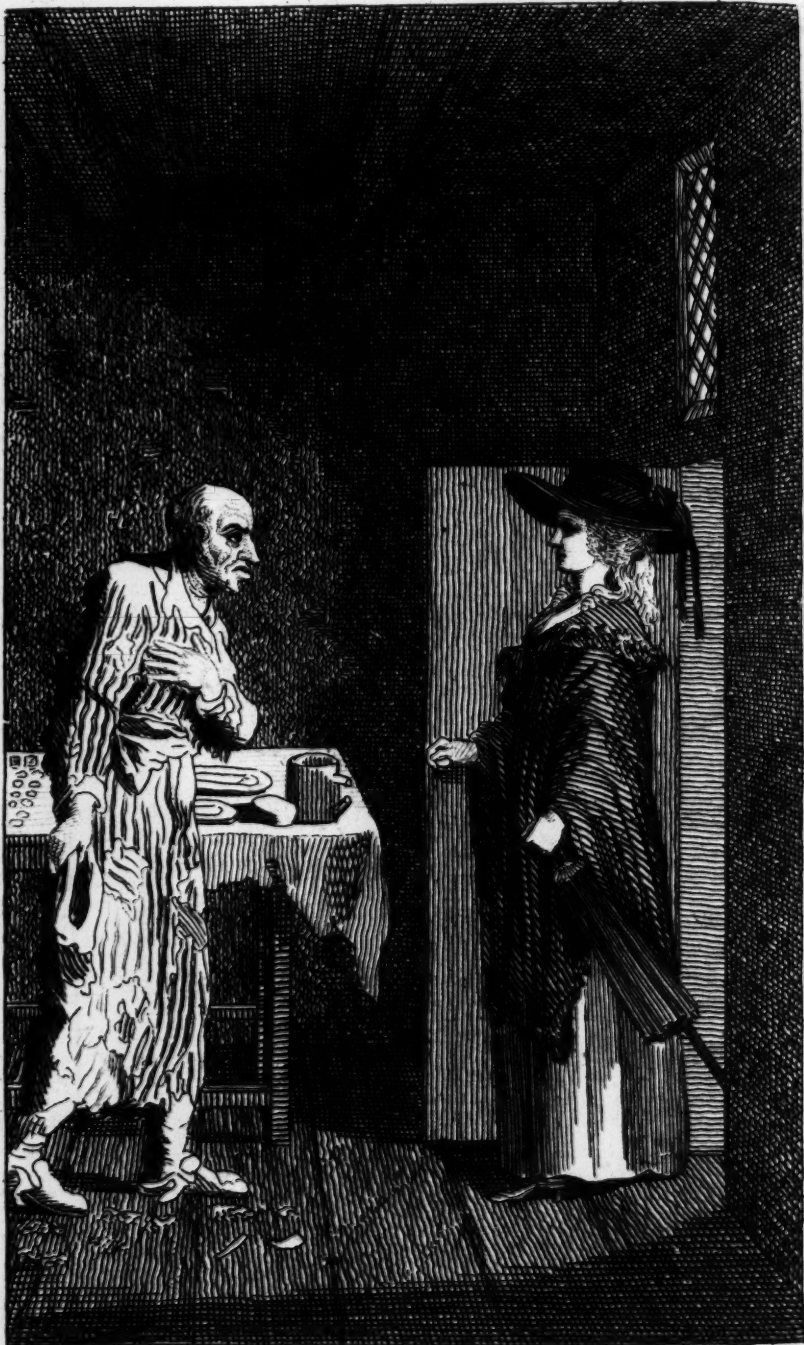


found the house, and knocked at the door of the first landing-place. Come in, cried a horrid voice. She opened the door; but how terribly was she frightened when she saw a man who looked grimly on her, as if he could have killed her. It was Mr. Skinpenny, whose avarice the whole town talked of, because he only thought of getting money, and often scraped pounds together in a very dishonest manner. Though he had hoarded a sufficient sum to enable him to live at his ease, should he live a hundred years, yet he grudged every farthing he spent; his food was bad, and his dress dirty and old; and so miserable was he, that he did not allow himself any of the comforts of life, unless other people paid for them. He now sat in a chamber, the walls of which were covered with smoke; and the floor was so dirty that no one could have supposed it had been cleaned

for two years at least. He wore an old morning gown, the colour of which it was not easy to discover. On the table stood the remains of his scanty meal, a herring and some mouldy cheese; and near them laid heaps of money, out of which he was chusing the lightest to give to the poor people who came to borrow of him; for he gained his large fortune in this manner, and grew rich by taking advantage of the misfortunes of his fellow creatures. Mrs. Jones said, with a trembling voice, Sir, I beg—what do you beg, interrupted he, I have not a moment's peace during the day—there is no end of beggars. I told you yesterday, that I would give you the money if you brought a pledge; but, without it, you should not have it though you knelt till your knees were fore.

What





I am a very poor unhappy man.

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What do you mean, Sir, said Mrs. Jones, a little angrily, do you take me for a beggar? and she turned her back to go out. Mr. Skimpenny now recollected her, and was vexed at the mistake. Oh, you are Mrs. Jones, the rich merchant's wife; I humbly ask your pardon—I did not at first recollect you. Yesterday a woman tormented me, above an hour, to lend her twenty pounds; I thought I was speaking to her, when I said that you should not have it unless you had brought a pledge. Men must take care of what they earn by the sweat of their brow, if they would go through the world like honest people. *I am a very poor unhappy man!* not a farthing dare I spend on myself; for these three years past I have wished to buy a new morning gown, and have not yet been able to spare so much money. As true as I stand here before you, Madam Jones, last winter I thought

my hands and feet would have dropped off—it was so cold I had no feeling in them, because I was afraid to keep a fire, coals grew so dear during the long frost—there was no telling what they might come to. Yet every creature who comes to see me wants money of me, as if I was made of gold. Believe me, Madam, I am a poor miserable man, almost tormented to death, or I should have recollected you, Madam.

But of what value is all your money, asked Mrs. Jones, if you make no use of it? Ought I not to be careful to provide for my old age? I know not how long God may let me live.—We can never tell what accidents may befall us; I may be bed-ridden for many years; and who will give me any thing if I do not take care of myself? But, continued Mrs. Jones, you appear to me to be now a very old man,
and

and to have lived longer than men in general do live.

On that very account, should I not be very careful lest I should come to want at last? Besides, I have a son and daughter, whom I must pick up something for. But, alas! I have no thanks from them to repay me! They are always plaguing me for money—and why should they come to me, who am an old man? They are strong, cannot they earn their own livelihood? They are old enough to take care of themselves. There is no more affection or duty in the world; I know that they reckon the hours, and watch for my death. Miserable wretch that I am! forsaken by all the world, and even my own children do not love me.

Have you already given them a sufficient fortune to begin the world with?

60 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY:

asked Mrs. Jones. Not a farthing, replied he, angrily. As long as I live I will not give the staff out of my own hands; when I am dead they may take all; but I am not dead yet.—

If so, replied Mrs. Jones, you ought not to wonder if your children neither love nor respect you, and wish for your death.—But can you tell me where I can find Mrs. Sandford? Yes, said he, smiling, glad to get rid of her, the lodges upstairs, you cannot miss your way.

She then wished him a good morning, and begged his pardon for having disturbed him. Just as she shut the door, he asked, in a faint voice, if she would drink a glass of wine? but she curtsied a refusal, and could, with difficulty, restrain a laugh as she tripped up-stairs.

She

She now saw a very different appearance. She came into a room, in which indeed there was no costly furniture; but, in every part of it, there was a look of cleanliness and order, which refreshed her eyes after the chamber she had just left. At a table sat Mrs. Sandford, and, near her, two cheerful looking daughters; they were all dressed in a decent manner, and busily employed making hats and caps.

Mrs. Jones was received very civilly; and, after she had purchased the things she came for, she requested permission to sit and rest herself a moment, if they would go on with their work. In the course of conversation, she admired their industry and taste, and the order she observed in their persons and room. Yes, said Mrs. Sandford, a good education was the best fortune I received from my mother,

62 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

mother, and a good one it proved to be when my money melted away.

She must have been a respectable woman, answered Mrs. Jones.

Yes, she was indeed a respectable woman, continued Mrs. Sandford; though she was my mother, yet must I praise her now she is in her grave. She had a considerable fortune, above ten thousand pounds; but she always reminded me, that prosperity was uncertain: Fanny, Fanny, she would say, money is a slippery thing; trust not to your fortune, the largest will waste insensibly away; improve yourself:—learn something; if you continue rich, employment will procure you health and content; and should any misfortune deprive you of your inheritance, your abilities and industry will enable you to support yourself without being

being obliged to any body. I soon found the use of my hands; I learned plain-work, made my father's shirts and my mother's caps; in short, I learned every thing which a woman ought to know who is destined to be a mother and have the care of a family; and I was as gay as a lark; I had time to read, walk, and dance; and seemed to enjoy these pleasures much more than those who sat still and thought of nothing else. I gained, by these means, a strong constitution. When I am sick, I always know what ails me; I never am troubled with those nervous complaints which, I really believe, idleness produces; for the physicians themselves do not know what to call them. As I was an only child, and heiress to a good fortune, foolish people did not think it necessary for me to work. Most of my acquaintance, who had not fortunes equal to mine, spent
the

the whole day in dressing or visiting; but I regularly worked and managed the house in the morning, and found time to read and write.—Yes, we were all so happy at home, that whenever I went to a dance or a play, I longed to return to tell my parents what I had seen. I made baby linen for the poor, and gave them broth and coals; I taught their children to read and work—and the country people used to bless me, and say, I should never come to want; and, thank God! I never have.—But I shall never forget to love my mother, who is now in heaven, for having given me such a good education; but for her I might now have been an idle beggar. She died young, and left me, when I was only sixteen, to take care of my father's house. Soon after I was of age my father was snatched away; but, before his death, he approved of a husband I had chosen, a respectable merchant.

merchant. I married him, and endeavoured to make his life comfortable, for I loved him. But though he was very industrious, he became a bankrupt: he had ventured my fortune in a very promising scheme; it was all swallowed up; and this want of consideration, he would say, lay nearest his heart. He did not long survive his loss, but fell into a consumption and died. He was cut off in his prime, only six and thirty; and I was left behind with these two daughters to maintain and educate, without any visible means. I remained here, because I hoped, when my husband's affairs were settled, that I should still have something to receive. I contrived to live till I found that I had only a hundred pounds to expect, which would soon have been consumed if I had not remembered my poor mother's words: *if you should ever be deprived of your fortune, you may subsist*
by

66 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

by your abilities and industry. I spoke then to my acquaintance, bought a little stock, and became a milliner: as I wished to attend to the education of my daughters, I did not choose to keep an open shop. An old milliner, whom I had formerly assisted, recommended her customers to me when she left off trade; besides, she gave me some instructions respecting the management of my business. Since that I have had more work offered to me than I could do; I have never known want, I have given my children a proper education—good girls! they now assist me, and are the comfort of my declining years.—I have no care, when I am dead they can maintain themselves. I am content; nay, happier, excepting the loss of my husband, than when I was mistress of a large fortune. My money is gone; *but the industry my mother*



*The Industry which my Mother taught me remains
with me still, & supports me & my Children.*



*mother taught me remains with me still,
and supports me and my children.*

Mrs. Jones rejoiced at having met with such a sensible good woman, and determined to solicit her acquaintance in her favour. She admired the industry of her modest daughters, and addressing them in a most friendly manner, she assured them, that they would never know want or care while they followed such an excellent mother's example. She requested Mrs. Sandford to visit her frequently, and allow the young people, when they had done their work, to come and walk with her and her children. Indeed, my dear Madam, added she, I wish to become intimate with you, and improve by your instructive conversation. I shall find more pleasure in your company, nay, think myself more honoured by your visits, than I should ever feel from
the

the notice of a lady of quality, only distinguished by her rank and fortune.

This conversation was interrupted by a gentle tap at the door. Come in, said Mrs. Sandford; the door was opened, and a poor woman entered, whose whole appearance spoke her misery.

Have pity on me!—have pity on me! said she, I am a poor unfortunate woman. I have never in my life before had occasion to ask charity of any one—but now—now necessity impels me to pray you to have compassion on me. My husband, who is a taylor, has by his industry supported me and my children, in a decent manner, for many years. But he has now been sick above a month, and unable to earn a farthing; nor can I, for I must nurse him day and night. I have six young children who cry all day
for





It is hard to suffer Want.

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for bread; and the poor sick man requires nourishment and medicines, while I stand by and cannot help him. I am just come from a man who lodges in the room under this;—what a hard-hearted man! I did not think that there were such cruel people on God's earth. He gave me nothing, though heaps of gold lay on the table; he even called me names; he called me an idle wicked woman, and said that I had spent all my money in drams—what cutting words! *It is hard enough to suffer want*; but when our fellow creatures shut their hearts against us, or reproach us for our misery, it becomes unbearable.

Why, asked Mrs. Jones, a little angrily, did you not come to me, and make known your situation? your husband has long worked for us, and I always thought him an honest, industrious man;
and

and such people ought never to suffer want. If sometimes, through sickness or other unavoidable accidents, they happen to be in trouble, every good man should be ready to support them. From this time, good woman, come every day to my house, and I will give you what is sufficient to feed your family, and the nourishing things your husband requires: and here is something to supply your present pressing wants. She put half a guinea into her hand, and Mrs. Sandford gave her half a crown; nay, the girls gave her sixpence a piece out of their little savings.

The woman was transported with joy. Am I, said she, amongst angels? Yes, now I see that there are still good people on the earth! How I shall rejoice the heart of my husband, and quiet my children when I return home!—God for
ever

ever bless you all, and give you back a thousand-fold, what you have bestowed on me.—May he pour the same peace into your bosoms I now feel ! She lifted up her eyes to heaven, and hurried out of the room, leaving them all with tears in their eyes.

Mrs. Jones was now obliged to hasten home, after she had once more renewed her assurance of friendship ; and added, that she was very glad that she happened to hear of her, because she had not only become acquainted with a worthy woman ; but had had an opportunity of affording comfort to several people in distress.

CHAPTER. XXII.

WHEN Mrs. Jones returned home, she found a stranger there, who came from Bath to be present at the approaching wedding. He was the Curate of a little neighbouring village, and an Usher at school. He was just going to take leave, when Mrs. Jones entered, because, he said, that he had some business to settle that afternoon. Mr. Jones did not then attempt to detain him; but pressed him so warmly to spend a few hours at his house, before he left Bristol, that he promised to come and sup with them if he could finish his business in time.

When he was gone, Mary asked, in a ridiculing tone, why, dear father, did you press, so much, a man who looked so

mean and simple ; that I should be afraid to stay in a room alone with him. I never saw such a strange looking man ; he turns his toes in, his shoulders are up to his ears, he makes mouths when he is not speaking ; and then, what an old-fashioned coat he has on ! he looks like a ploughman.

Mary, Mary, answered Mr. Jones, be not so precipitate in your judgment ! This man, though he was neglected in his youth, and acquired habits which make him look very awkward, may notwithstanding be a very wise and good man. If you had been neglected, you would now probably have a number of awkward tricks, and it would be cruel to laugh at, or despise you for them. You have a mother who sets you a good example, who watches you, so that you have been prevented from acquiring bad habits ;

besides, you have learned to dance, and been in well-bred company. But, probably, this gentleman had none of these advantages; perhaps, he had a father who could not afford to spend much on his education; perhaps, he spent his youth in study, without having any opportunity of mixing with the world; and, at present, I believe he has so much to do in his school, that he has no time to think of his appearance. Mary still did not like him; and said, can such a man be wise? Can he do much good?

Mr. Jones was going to answer, and reprove her for her folly, when Mr. Noel entered the room, and interrupted the conversation. He was beginning again to thank Mr. Jones for his kindness; but he interrupted him, saying, speak no more of it, dear Sir; the best way you can thank me, and all that I expect from
you,

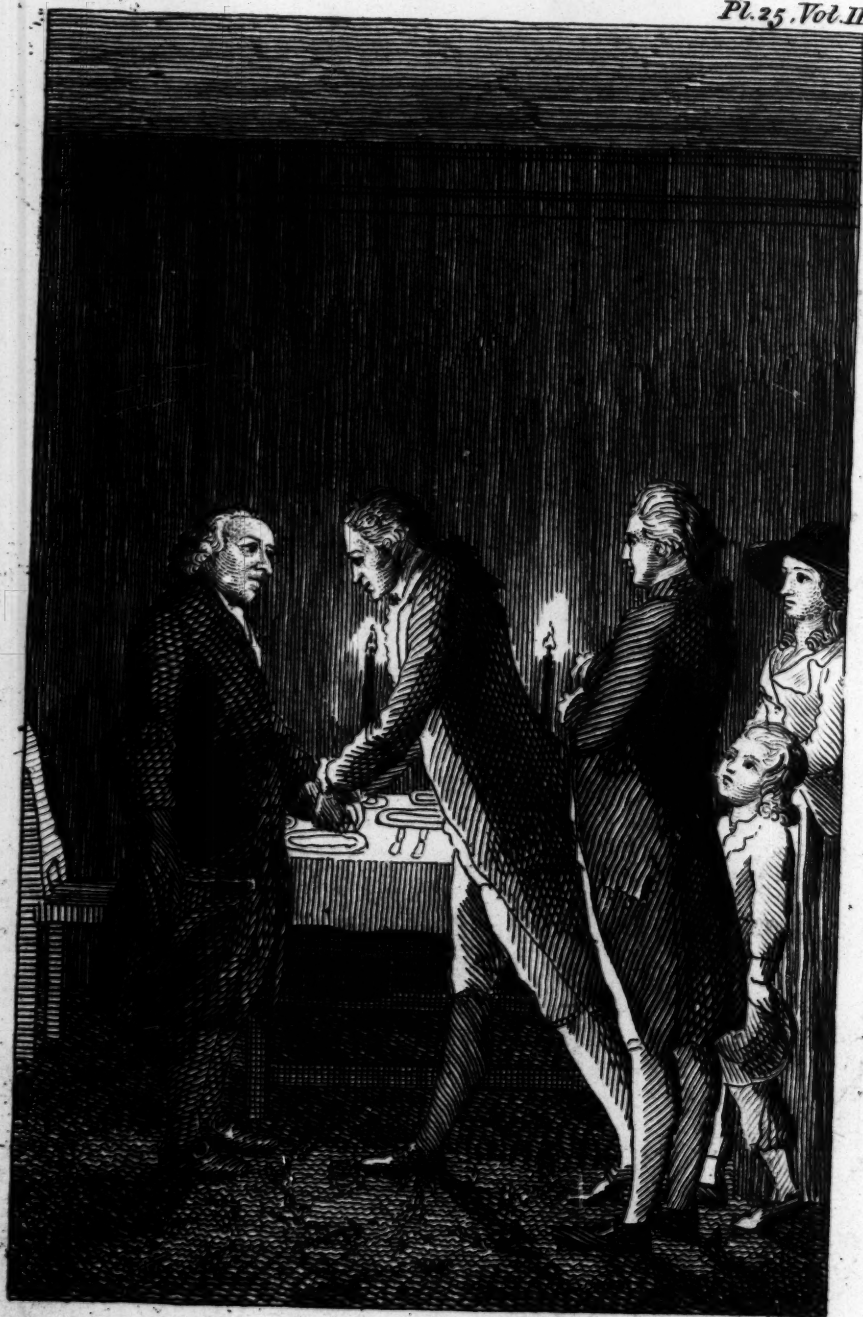
you, is this, that you will exert yourself to become an orderly, industrious man; or all I have done, and mean to do for you, will be useless—and I shall be disappointed. Mr. Noel assured him, that he intended to exert all his powers to become what he wished him to be. He then requested Mr. Jones to look at what he had done that day, and freely give his opinion. He had written several French and English letters, and cast up some accounts. Mr. Jones looked them over, and found them written with more care than he expected, and the accounts were perfectly right. If you continue to be so attentive, I shall expect to see you a rich man, said Mr. Jones, smiling; but, in spite of fate, you will become respectable; for that depends on your conduct, and not on your success. Mr. Noel said, that he felt a little tired, not having been accustomed to work; but,

from the pleasure he experienced, and the secret satisfaction he had seldom tasted at the close of an idle day, he really believed he should be, in future, happier living an active life, than when he enjoyed all the superfluities this world could afford, and only thought of seeking for amusement.—Alas, Sir, continued he, I have discovered that no man can enjoy pleasure who does not fulfil some duty, and pursue some useful object regularly every day.—We cannot be idle without being wicked.

Now the Usher returned; his entrance seemed to disconcert Mr. Noel, and he remained silent some minutes, staring at him. At last he said, pardon me, Sir, is not your name Goodman? Yes, answered he, but where have I had the pleasure of knowing you? Were you not once tutor to the son of a Mr. Noel, of Yorkshire?

Yes,





You are my Benefactor, my Preserver.

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Yes, replied Mr. Goodman, and I should have made something of that child if he had not been an only son; but his mother was so foolishly indulgent, that she never let him study half an hour together, lest it should make him sick. Mr. Noel then started up and caught his hand, saying, best of men, my benefactor, do you forget little James, whom you formerly instructed?—I am he!—*You are my preserver*, my more than father—all my comforts must I ascribe to you—you are—He was interrupted by a servant, who came to tell his master that supper was on the table.

During supper time, Mr. Noel could speak of nothing but the good instruction he had, in his youth, received from Mr. Goodman. I remember very well, said he, how good, how kind you were to me. How many times you desired me to be

E 3

diligent,

78 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

diligent, and not waste all the precious hours of youth in idleness. You always represented to me, that a man who learned nothing in his youth would ever be contemptible and unhappy; if I had followed my own inclinations, I should have done nothing but play. When you came and took me from my amusements to receive my lessons, I was often so angry with you, that I wished you a hundred miles off. But you had patience with me, and continued to remind me that I should be a very ignorant gentleman, if I did not at least learn writing, arithmetic, and to speak French. You sometimes punished me when I neglected my lessons, and I then thought you a very cruel man; but now, dear Sir, now I see clearly, that no man in the world has been of the use to me that you have. Let me tell you, in a few words, my situation. My whole fortune is spent, and my wife's with it; besides,

besides, I was heir to a rich uncle—but it is all gone, melted away by extravagance, I am stripped of every thing; only what I learned from you remains. I can write, cast up a bill, and speak French.—Yes, I still can do what you taught me; and these acquirements procure me bread. My benefactor, I thank you for this; I thank you for every hour's instruction I received, for your advice, and the punishments you made me undergo.

Mr. Goodman was very much affected by this discourse. He said, it gives me the truest pleasure to find that I have contributed to the happiness of a fellow creature.

The best reward, we schoolmasters can receive for all our trouble, is, that we sometimes are so happy as to live to see the good we have done. The business of

80 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

education is very laborious. Children are, in general, very indolent and thoughtless, and give us, through their cunning and pertness, much trouble; and they often have so little judgment, that they think us cruel when we oblige them to learn their lessons, that they may not grow up in a state of ignorance, and be unable to take care of themselves, when they ought to be able to take care of their children. And, for all our trouble, we seldom receive sufficient to maintain our families, and lay by something for our old age. When in these circumstances, our clothes are shabby; for, in such cases, a man has not that time to think of dress, which people may spare who have nothing else to do, and live in abundance: if, I say, he acquires some awkward habits, from study or vexation, people are so unjust as to ridicule him, nay, despise him, because he has not the manners

ners of a fine gentleman, who only thinks of amusing himself. Indeed, Mr. Noel, if we had not sometimes the pleasure to see that we have done good, our situation would be a very disagreeable one.

Mary could no longer restrain her tears; she rose from the table, and hid herself behind the window curtain, that the company might not see her weep. Her father went to her, and enquired, in a whisper, what was the cause of her tears. I am ashamed of myself, said she; *I have done wrong, I have ridiculed this good man*;—he is a sensible man, has done a great deal of good, and has had many things to vex him.—If I did but know how I could make an excuse for my folly—I would try to forget that I had been such a fool; but I will never again laugh at an old man, because he has on a shabby coat.

82 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

Her father tried to compose her, and persuaded her to return to her seat, after he had seriously desired her not to be, in future, so hasty in forming an opinion. He added, that the most useful people sometimes neglected their dress; and have, in the eyes of children and ignorant persons, an awkward appearance. And many, who, like officers, have fine coats on, and have an easy manner of speaking and bowing, are very foolish and wicked people. Above all, we ought never to laugh at bodily deformity or poverty, because persons so afflicted have often more good qualities than rich and handsome people, who have not had misfortunes to teach them how to improve their understandings, and love their miserable fellow-creatures. Besides, if you had acquired more discernment, you would have discovered in this gentleman's face, so much

sense and goodness, that you would have loved and not have ridiculed him.

Mary now returned to the table, and fideling, in a bashful way, to Mr. Goodman's chair, took his hand and looked at him sorrowfully, as much as to say, I am very sorry that I ridiculed such a wife and useful man. He kissed her, called her a good girl, and she began to smile again through her tears.

The company then rose, after the conversation had turned on the many difficulties teachers have to overcome who wish to improve their pupils; and that children, instead of playing them tricks, and laughing at their appearance, ought to try to please them, and render their task easier. A foolish child laughs at every thing it does not understand; a good one

84 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

never forgets that it must live many years in the world before it can distinguish right from wrong.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE next morning they had a very cheerful breakfast; but no one in company was so gay as Mary. She stood smiling at the back of her mother's chair, stealing a look at her father, as she drank her milk, with eyes sparkling with joy. Mary, said he, you have certainly been very good, because you look so happy.—Perhaps I have, answered she, and stepping softly into the next room, soon returned with her work-basket full of the muslin her mother gave her to hem the day before. She put it on the table, and said, you were very right, dear mother, *through perseverance we may do many things which we thought impossible.* Look, look, here are the flounces which you yesterday gave me to hem. I did not think that I

I should

86 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

should ever have got to the end; *but, through perseverance and attention, I have made it possible.* Is it not true? If I had got up from my seat every moment, had I played or looked out of the window, I should not have finished half my task. But I did not do so, I minded what you said, mother; I never left my seat, but when I could not help it. I heard once a Frenchman in the street, with dancing dogs; I must own that I did wish to see them; yet, I did not stir. My brother came twice to ask me to come and play with him; but I fixed my eyes on my work, thinking how surprized you all would be to see it done at breakfast time. Yes, dear mother, I am glad I did as you bade me.

Mrs. Jones kissed her, and gave her the praise she had earned by her industry. Enjoy this praise, my child, said she; it is sweet, it is entirely your own; you
have



*Through Perseverance we may do many
things, which we thought impossible.*

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have deserved it for practising self-denial, and doing more than was expected from you; but when you are praised on account of your clothes, you ought not to feel pleasure, because a wooden doll, without a mind, may look well in fine clothes.

Yes, continued Mary, I am very glad that it is done, and that I conquered myself. If I had now much to do, I should be very uneasy; and think if it was but done! if it was but done! I should have nothing to care for; for if I had not finished it, I should have been so vexed—and now here it is all hemmed—I am so glad! and as often as I see your gown, I shall feel new joy. I shall always remember in future, when I have any thing to do, not to begin any other work till I have finished what I am about.

Mr.

88 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

Mr. Jones was equally pleased with Mary's conduct, and advised his children to be very attentive to their work and lessons; and not to allow themselves to be tired when they sometimes found them difficult. If they followed this advice, he assured them that they would have many happy hours in every situation in life. When we think of our work, that we still have much to do, we are often a little discouraged; but when it is finished, we shall feel the pleasure Mary now feels.

The children listened attentively to their father's advice, and the family separated to fulfil the duties of the day. Mary went with her mother to hear her give orders to the servants, and regulate her household matters; and she did not forget the poor taylor and his family; she tasted the sago which she intended to send him, and put the wine into it herself;
for,

for, said she to Mary, it is my duty to see, that what I give to a poor sick man is good; but when a rich man dines with us I am not so anxious, because he has a good dinner every day at home. Mr. Jones went into his counting-house, and Charles to his master.

He had already waited for him, a few minutes, in the summer house; where he daily instructed him and two other children.

This judicious master had established a custom among his little scholars, that they should write down, and shew him what appeared most remarkable to them in the lessons they had received the day before. By this method he not only gave them an opportunity to repeat what they had learned; but he quickly perceived who had been attentive or thoughtless.

Little

90 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

Little James was first desired to shew what he had written ; and it was done so orderly, that the master was very well satisfied with it. He had, the day before, pointed out to his scholars many different kinds of insects, and had shewn them in how many respects they were useful. All this James had retained and set down. He mentioned the different kinds of food, instinct led those little creatures to seek for ; their remarkable changes from one form to another ; their retreat in the winter ; how many little birds lived on them ; and what use they were of to man.

When he had finished his recital, the master expressed how well pleased he was with him : I see, very clearly, said he, that you have really been instructed by my conversation ; and that you thought on what you were about when you wrote
down

down the parts you recollected, because they engaged your attention. *You have been attentive.* Still continue to exercise your *attention*; always turn your thoughts to your employment, to whatever you apply to, and on the pleasures you enjoy.

When you walk in a garden, for example, turn your thoughts on the objects about you; on the trees, flowers and herbs which grow near you; on the buds, butterflies and bees, that fly around you; in short, on every thing which passes before you. Do this with attention, and you will probably become a great man. Every day you will learn something more, grow wiser; and all your undertakings will succeed like this exercise. Pleasure will flow in on you from every side; for you will then remark and feel all that is agreeable or beautiful in whatever you taste,

92 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

taste, in every flower which you see, and in every bird you hear sing.

The master then took a red book out of his pocket, in which he had a custom of setting down what he remarked of his scholars, and behold what he wrote : *the thirtieth day of August James has, by writing a good exercise, given a very strong proof of his attention.*

Then James smiled ; he was happy to think that his father would hear of his attention, and he felt satisfied with himself.

Now Charles brought his exercise, but it was not done half so well. He had not only left out many of his tutor's observations, but also written down many things very wrongly. Respecting the may-bug, for instance, he had set down that it lays
its

its eggs on trees ; and of the spider, that it was, during some time, in the state of a nymph, (a chrysalis).

The master was very angry at this, and said, you have certainly been very giddy ; you have neither paid attention to my instruction, nor to your exercise ; but you have had something else in your head. Is it not true ? Have I not guessed it ? Own it ; what were you thinking of ?

Charles, ashamed of himself, cast his eyes on the ground, and said, I am to go to-morrow to a wedding ; and the wedding has never been out of my head ever since I heard I was to go. I have been continually thinking what pleasure I should have ; what company I should meet, and how I should play and dance there.

I be-

I believe you, said the master. Now, dear Charles, try quickly to cure yourself of this fault of *inattention*, and let not your thoughts flutter round imaginary pictures of past or future pleasures; else you will be good for nothing; you will learn very little; and, in all your undertakings you will be unsuccessful, just as in this exercise, you will not even be in a state to enjoy pleasure. You will eat and drink, and not taste how refreshing it is; you will walk through gardens, fields and woods, and not perceive their beauties, if you do not turn your thoughts to them. Poor Charles!

Charles lifted up his sorrowful eyes, and was ashamed to look him in the face.

Am I not right, said the master?

Yes, indeed, replied Charles, yesterday I could do nothing. I began to play
on

on my little fiddle ; but no sound could I bring out, my thoughts were far off. So full was I of the wedding, that I swallowed my dinner without chewing my meat, and scarcely tasted what I eat.

Indeed, continued the master, this bad habit is become very strong ; I must set it down, that I may observe it, and try if I can cure you of it. For it is absolutely necessary that you should correct this fault, if you ever expect to become a sensible man. *An inattentive child will never make a proficiency in any thing.*

Charles looked sorrowfully at his master, as if he would say, pray, Sir, forgive me only this time, and it shall never happen again.

But the master did not suffer himself to be moved by his entreaties ; he took out the black book in which he always
set

96 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

set down the faults of his scholars, and wrote in it : *the thirtieth of August Charles has, by writing a very bad exercise, given a proof that he is very inattentive.*

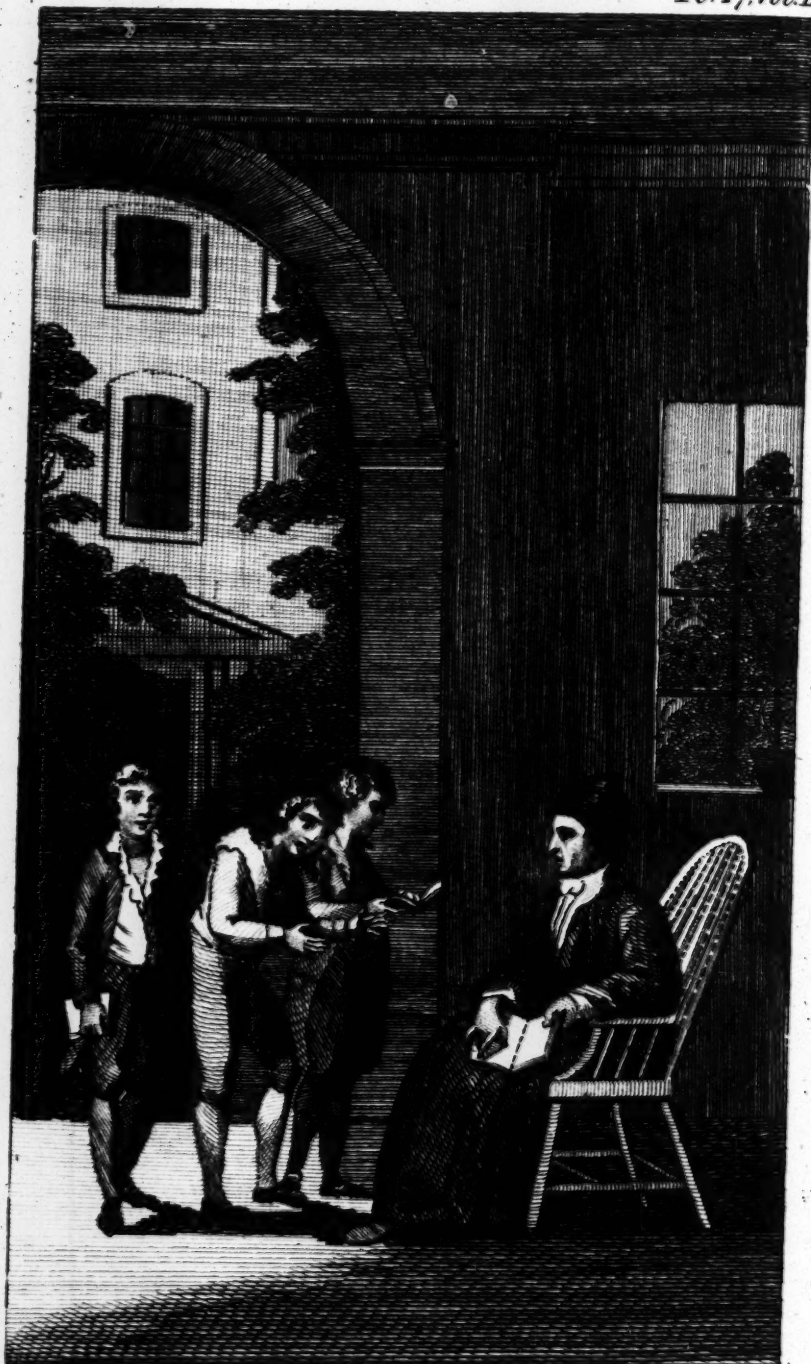
This vexed Charles, for the black book, as well as the red one, was every week examined by his father.

Now came the turn of the other scholar, William; but he had not done his exercise. When he was asked why he had been so negligent, he said, as an excuse, that his father and mother had gone, the evening before, a long walk into the country, and taken him with them, so that he had not had time to finish his exercise.

That is certainly a lie, interrupted the master.

No





*We cannot easily believe him, whom
we have once detected in a lie.*

No indeed, said William, and wept bitterly, you may ask my father himself, if you will not believe me.

It is very probable, continued the master, that you took a walk with your father. If James or Charles had said so, I should have believed them without further thought, because I know that they always speak the truth. But how dare you expect that I shall believe you, when I have detected you in so many lies ! only last week, you told me that you could not finish your exercise, because you had been obliged to do something for your father. I enquired of him, and found that it was an untruth. Since I know that you are a liar—how can I depend on what you say ? *we cannot easily believe him, whom we have once detected in a lie.*

The black book was then taken out again, and though William declared, with

tears in his eyes, that now indeed he had told the truth, his master would set down: *the thirtieth of August, William did not bring his exercise, and, to excuse himself, he said that he went to take a walk with his father; but I cannot believe him, because I know that he is a liar.* If, during three months, continued the master, I do not again detect you in a lie, I will believe that you have learned to attend to truth, and trust you.

The lessons being over, the boys were allowed to amuse themselves in the garden. Charles took his play-mates to the little bed which his father had given him, and shewed them the flowers and vegetables he had planted himself. He began then to gather the ripe seed, which he put into a paper bag; in short, to pluck up the weeds, and do whatever else was necessary to be done, and his play-fellows helped

helped him. When they were a little tired, they rambled about the garden, and gratified themselves with the sight of the various plants which grew there.

Now the clock struck one. It was the hour when Mr. Jones usually dined, and all his family were obliged to be punctual, and come immediately to table. Charles told James that they must now part, and he looked for William to tell him that it was time to go home; but he could not find him any where. They both called out, as loud as they could, William, William; but no William could they hear, or see. They could then only suppose that he was already gone, and they left the garden, shutting the door after them. James went home, and Charles to dinner.

But William was not gone home. He had hid himself in a thick arbour, to play

100 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

his school-fellows a trick; he imagined that they would be uneasy, and not leave the garden till they had found him. But when he no longer heard their voices, he began to be afraid that they might leave him behind. He came out of his hiding place, sought all round for his play-mates, but none could he find. He screamed out, James, Charles, and no one answered him. He ran to the garden door, and found it shut. Now he grew uneasy. He called out, in a sorrowful tone, sometimes James, then Charles, Mr. Jones, and all the rest of the names he could recollect; he repeated them, without stopping to take breath. But how could they hear him, they were all at dinner or preparing for it?

As he could neither open the door, climb over it, nor make himself heard, the best thing he could have done, was to have

have waited quietly, till some one passed by. But he did not do so, he was *impatient*; and though it was entirely owing to himself that he was shut in, yet he looked all round to see if he could perceive any living creature to vent his spleen upon. As he saw nothing, he turned all his anger against the garden door, which could not offend him or feel his blows. He kicked against it with all his force, and he would certainly have split the door, if the pannels had not been very thick. Twenty times had he kicked against the door without making any impression on it; at last he grew quite furious; bit his lips, collected all his strength, and kicked again. But, oh! what now—his foot stuck to the door, and he roared out with pain. He had kicked against it with such violence, that a great nail, which stuck out, had run almost through his foot. There

102 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

hung the impatient boy, unable to draw his foot back ; he tried once or twice, but screamed out through pain when he attempted it, and gnashed his teeth through rage. The blood ran out of his shoe, and the whole weight of his body rested on one foot, the other was nailed to the door.

In this dreadful situation he remained a quarter of an hour. He turned pale, his legs and all his limbs trembled, and he would certainly have fainted, if by accident one of the maids had not passed by the garden—He then cried out in agony, oh, help me !

The girl, who was terrified by the sound of his voice, ran quickly to the house to search for the key, and opened the door hastily. By so doing, indeed, the nail was torn out of his foot ; but the wrenching of it out caused such violent pain,

pain, that he actually fainted, and sunk senseless on the ground. The girl ran terrified to her master, to tell him that William lay half dead in the garden. Then Mr. Jones and his whole family hastened to him.

The sad sight instantly filled them all with compassion; and Mr. Jones sent directly for a surgeon.

While they waited for him, Mr. Jones enquired how he had received this terrible wound; and hearing that he brought it on himself, gave him a very forcible warning. My son, said he, thy sufferings are the consequence of thy *impatience*. When any thing disagreeable happens to us, we should guard against anger, and rather try to compose ourselves that we may think of a remedy, than give way to passion: if we cannot find one, we must

wait patiently till circumstances alter. *Through impatience we always make things worse.* If you had waited quietly till some one came by the garden, you might have begged them to release you out of your prison, in which you had not been long confined, and then you would not have hurt your foot. Now the surgeon came, and bound up the wound, and shrugging up his shoulders, said, this little impatient boy will be confined a fortnight or three weeks at least.

Three weeks! said William, what a foolish creature I have been! I wished not to remain a quarter of an hour in the garden, now must I be shut up three weeks or more in my room, suffering great pain!

The thing was done, and could not be recalled. He was carried home, and
forced



*Through Impatience we always make
things worse.*



forced to sit a month in his room with his leg upon a stool; suffering great pain, because the nail was rusty which he drove into his foot, and the wound did not readily heal. While his playmates were enjoying themselves in the garden, he was obliged to have the wound dressed, and have some powder applied to it.—Oh! the powder made it burn like fire.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE greatest part of the following morning was employed in dressing Mary like a doll. At first they put her on a pair of stiff stays, and, as she had never worn stays with bones in them before, she seemed in fetters, and could hardly draw her breath. Then the hair-dresser came, he put her hair in papers, which used to flow in natural locks on her neck and shoulders, twisted them very hard, and pinched them with hot irons. Poor Mary trembled, because she expected every moment that the hot irons would touch her forehead or cheeks. Every moment she asked if it would not soon be done? but he begged her to have patience, and after curling and frizzing her

her hair above half an hour, he bid her look in the glass, and she saw a little face peeping out of a curled wig. She had then a silk slip laced tight to her shape, and over it a long gauze dress so stuck out with trimmings and artificial flowers that she could scarcely move, she was so incumbered with finery.

All this being over, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones dressed with more care than usual, out of respect to the professor, and that they might appear with propriety in a company, where every one tried to outshine his neighbour, by the richness and taste displayed in their clothes and ornaments, they stepped into a coach and drove in state to the wedding.

There they found a large company, amounting at least to forty persons, all dressed in the most superb manner. Even

108 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

Mr. Goodman had a new wig on, and a coat he only wore on particular occasions. The whole company waited for the arrival of the professor and his bride, who were gone to promise before the altar to love, support, and take care of each other in sickness and in health.

Now they entered, the professor led his bride, and they both seemed to rejoice that they had found a friend with whom they could divide the sorrows and pleasures of life, and all the visitors rejoiced with them, and wished that they might through a long life enjoy their happiness.—The professor left the room, but soon returned, leading in an old grey-headed man, in whose countenance, though full of wrinkles, there appeared more cheerfulness than could have been expected, considering his advanced age.

Behold

Behold my father, said he to the company, bowing respectfully. The father who gave me life I cannot present to you, for he has been a long time in his grave; but this generous man has ever since his death taken his place, and educated me with all the care and affection of a father. He not only (here the tears ran down his cheeks,) procured me food and clothing, but he took care to have me instructed. My fortune, my rank, my dear wife; all, all, I owe to the goodness of this excellent man. He was so affected that he could not say more; he silently pressed the respectable old man's hand, unable to utter another word.

The bride approached, and taking from her husband the hand which he held, she kissed it, saying, worthy man, from your hands I received my husband.

The

THE ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

The whole company was affected, particularly when the professor addressed them, saying, my friends, if to-day you enjoy any pleasure in seeing a fellow creature happy, you must ascribe it all to my benefactor.

This benefactor was his godfather, whom he had before mentioned to Mr. Jones; he was affected in his turn, and after wiping away a tear which flowed down his venerable cheeks, he said, I have not done more than any man would have done in my place. But it gladdens my old age; I rejoice that I have lived to see a man happy, whom I contributed, in some measure, to make virtuous.

His knees shook, and he looked round for a chair on which he could sit. The professor instantly observed it, and taking him by the hand into another room, he conducted

conducted him to a sofa, and sat down by him. Pardon me, my father, said he, for openly proclaiming your benevolence. I know that you seek to hide the good which you do from all the world; but my heart was full, I felt so forcibly that I owed all my happiness to you, that I could not remain silent. O my second father, I have only testified my *gratitude* by words, can I do any thing to give you a substantial proof, that I have not forgotten what you have done for me—can I give you a proof of my *gratitude*. The good old man sighed, but did not speak.

Dearest Sir, continued the professor, if I can serve you in any respect, give me but a hint, and I will fly to obey you. Only procure me the pleasure, this happy day, of proving that I am grateful.

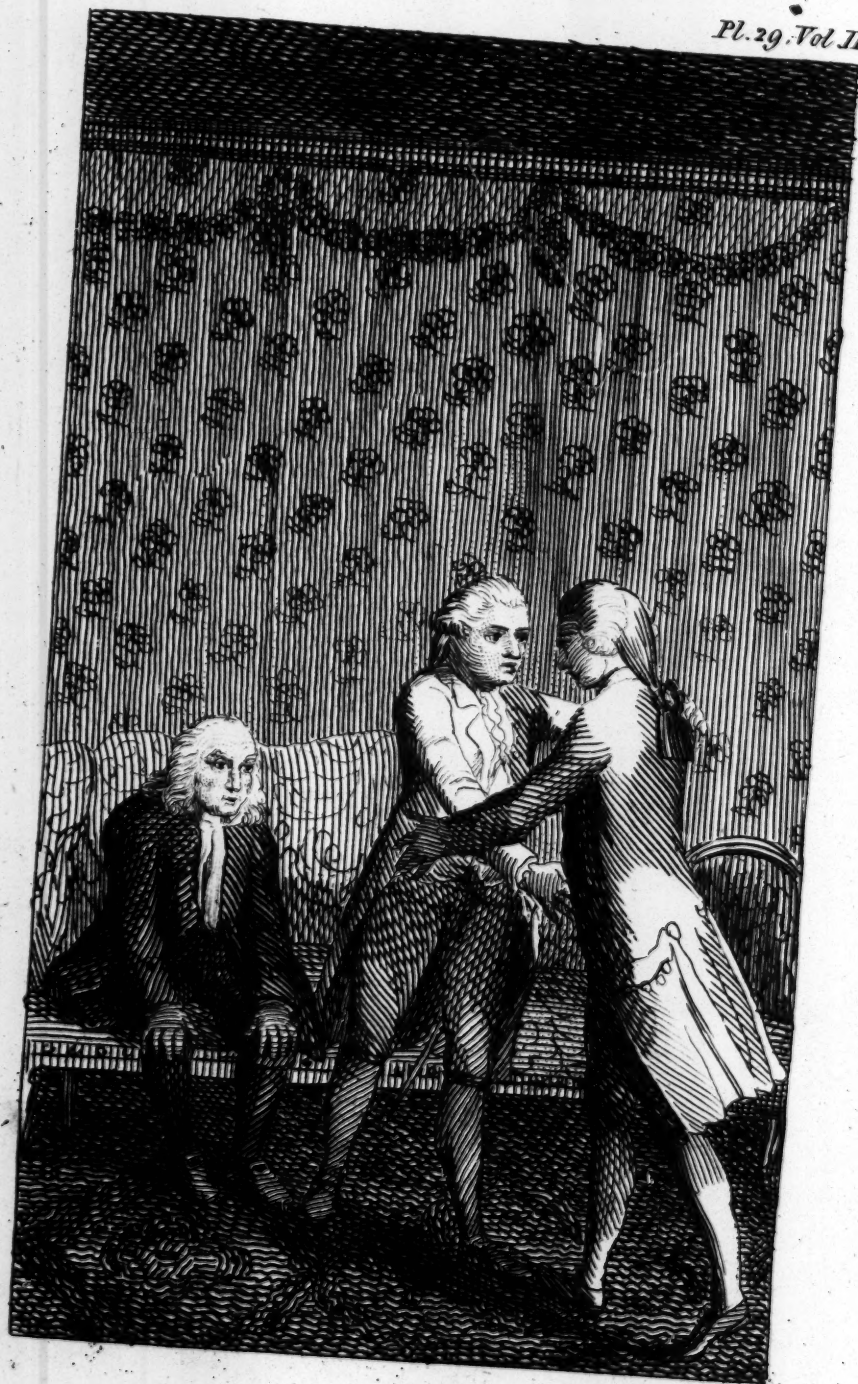
I want

I want nothing, replied the old man, I have only a short time to live. But my relation, Mr. Goodman, has a large family; the income he receives for being usher of a grammar-school is small, yet he has taken care to educate his children in the best manner. His eldest son ought to go to the university next year; but how is the poor man to maintain him? If you could get him placed there on the foundation—

Say no more, interrupted the professor, holding out his hand, I promise to take charge of him, he shall go with me to Oxford, and I will take the same care of him as if he was my own son.

The old man was just beginning to express the pleasure this promise gave him, when Mr. Jones entered the room. He respectfully and cordially shook the professor





*Gratitude exalts a Man much higher
than Learning.*

Published by J. Johnson. Jan^y. 1. 1791.

feffor by the hand, faying, worthy man, I pray you allow me to call you friend ! I have already felt a fincere efteem for your talents and learning ; but now it is increafed to veneration, now I perceive that in your profperity you remember the benefits you received in a ftate of poverty. *Gratitude exalts a man much higher than learning,*

The profeffor then conducted his two guefts to the table, where the reft of the company waited for them ; it was covered with the moft costly dainties ; but how taftelefs were the nicelt bits, compared with the pleafure he had received from the converfation with his benefactor.

After fome hours the company rofe from table, to fhake off, by a little motion, the fatigue of fitting fo long ; they divided into parties in the drawing-room,

room, every one choosing the companion he wished to chat and laugh with.

The children soon collected together, and they all agreed to go into the garden to amuse themselves. There were ten whom the professor had invited with their parents. They were all oppressed by the warmth of a close room, in which they had been confined above two hours, scarcely able to breathe, and sighing for fresh air, like fish out of water.

Now they ran down stairs into the garden; and talked of all kinds of plays. The boys proposed a race, and as there were more boys than girls, they agreed to run. But it was not very agreeable to Mary; her hair, her stays, and gauze dress, all prevented her getting foremost in the course. She had scarcely set off when her breath failed, and she got such
a stitch

a stitch in her side, that she was obliged to stop to recover her breath. She made a second attempt, and exerted all her strength to overtake her play-fellows; but a rose-bush caught one of her flounces and tore it. She disengaged herself and advanced a third time, but a bough got entangled in her curls and discomposed her head-dress. Most of the other girls shared the same fate, for they were all loaded with ornaments.

These accidents made Mary look foolish; the boys began to laugh at the little woman, and she wished her finery a hundred miles off. To avoid their ridicule, she turned down a walk by herself to gather a nosegay for her mother. She saw on all sides beautiful flowers, and bent forward to pluck them; but that she could not do without much trouble, because

because her stiff stays hurt her when she attempted to stoop.

Full of vexation, she slipped from the party to seek for her mother. She met her just entering the garden, and requested her to put her hair in order, and hide the rent she had made in her gown, that the boys might not laugh at her. Shall we not soon go home? asked she.

We shall probably remain here five or six hours more, before we think of taking leave of our civil friends. But why do you wish to go home so soon? you have here company and amusement.

And of what use is all that, said Mary, when I cannot enjoy any thing? If I had on my cotton jacket and straw hat, then I should be merry, I should run and skip; but in this dress, I am bound like a prisoner.

soner. Sometimes my hair tickles me, my feathers and flowers keep my head stiff, and my stays continually hurt me. When I begin to play, my flounces or flowers are in my way, and every tree catches my frock.—Nay, the boys tread on my train on purpose to see me look foolish. Pray, dear mother, go home soon, that I may get rid of this disagreeable dress!

Poor girl, answered Mrs. Jones, I pity you. I know very well that a long train, stays with bones in them, and tangled hair, are very inconvenient, and that you cannot be as easy and gay as you wish. For that reason I have not till now teased you with such useless parts of dress; a good girl requires no ornaments; if she keeps her person clean, and puts her clothes on in an orderly manner, people will only look at her good-humoured

moured obliging face. But to-day you even wished to be dressed, and I had a mind to let you feel how much more comfortable you would have been in your muslin frock and pink sash. Try now to compose yourself, to-morrow at this time all will be over! I will comb out your hair and let you have your little jacket and straw hat.

O, if to-morrow was but come! continued Mary.

But wishing will not bring it a moment sooner, interrupted Mrs. Jones. Be patient, go and join your companions, and take care not to appear out of humour, lest you should disturb their pleasures, which will not ease you though you may teize them; only complain to your friends of vexations which cannot be remedied;

remedied; play-fellows are not to be put out of their way by the inconveniencies you suffer.

Mary promised to govern her temper and forced herself to look as cheerful as she could with a pain in her head and side.

She went up to Leonora, a rich Baronet's daughter, and taking her good-naturedly by the arm, she said, come Leonora, let us take a walk round the garden; the race does not suit well with our fine holiday dresses.

But Leonora was very proud, and drew her arm hastily back, saying, pray Miss Jones take care, or you will rumple the lace on my sleeves. She then drew up her head, bridled her chin, and turned up her nose, as much as to say, a tradesman's

man's daughter like you ought not to be so familiar with me. The lace on my dress is very rich, and the flowers the finest that have lately come from France, continued she; my mother purchased them that I might have something to distinguish me, when I was forced to mix with no-body knows who: for I am a young lady of a good family, and it is insupportable to see citizen's daughters imitate in every thing people of condition, said the Lady who so often visits my mother, Lady Upstart. I had these paste buckles lately sent home, they were bought of the Prince of Wales's jeweller: what pedlar set yours? I never saw any thing so vulgar. I put mine on for the first time when I sung at a private concert before the Prince. For you must know that I am allowed to sing charmingly; Lord Smoothtongue, who dined at our house the other day, said, that I
had

had a fine angelic Italian voice. He spoke in French to me too for half an hour, and declared, that I prattled like a native of France. I shall soon begin to learn Italian; it is not very difficult, but nothing indeed is difficult to me, I shall be able to speak it in six months. Thus did she run on, till poor Mary was quite weary of her foolish pride and chat, and longed to leave her to enjoy her vain thoughts alone. She looked anxiously round for an opportunity, and saw a young lady coming whom she had been in company with before. She instantly left Leonora and joined Charlotte, saying, will you take a walk with me, for this is a sweet garden? With all my heart, answered she; and they turned down another walk, and left Leonora with her fine lace and paste buckles to count her steps, and look in vain at the trees for admiration.

How came you to walk with that proud Miss Leonora? asked Charlotte.

By chance, said Mary, but, believe me, I was very glad to leave her. She has been talking as if she alone was wise, and all the rest of the world fools. Yes, yes, replied Charlotte, laughing, she has often spoken to me in the same style; I have known her a long time. She can only talk of her accomplishments, her fine clothes and rank, she despises other people and all that they have learned. It is true she has acquired several accomplishments, for her father has a large fortune; but sense she certainly wants, or she would not talk so much. I wished to have loved her; but since she behaves to me as if I was nothing compared to her, I leave her to her own folly.

The rest of the company gathered round these two girls, and all agreed that
Leonora

Leonora was haughty and foolish. Let her go, said Charles, a miss who knows so much is not fit company for us, we might rumple the lace on her fine dress. — Who will play at questions and commands?

I, I, cried they all, and away they ran to a seat at the upper end of the garden to begin the play.

This was the right play for the girls, they could amuse themselves without being teased by their flounces and feathers. Every child must relate a story, recollect a riddle, a little song or a proverb; and those who could not call one to mind immediately, were obliged to pay a forfeit. This always furnished something to joke and laugh about, and the company soon became so merry, that their laughing echoed all round the garden.

The haughty, vain Leonora, who saw herself excluded from this amusement, was ready to bite her nails with vexation. She walked up and down the path with a grave step, looking at them as if she expected to be invited by some one, to play with them; but no one took notice of her. She passed by with a pretty pocket-book in her hand, hoping that they would ask to see it, and admire its silver clasp and enamelled figures. But instead of that the little folks began to whisper, and then burst into a loud laugh.

Leonora perceiving that they were laughing at her, turned away blushing with anger, and at last began to weep because she could not vent her passion on them.

Then she happened to meet her father, who was a sensible man, and saw with pain

pain that his wife spoiled her daughter. What is the matter with you? Why do you weep? Has any accident befallen you? How should I laugh, answered she, those children have no manners. They sit there together, and laugh and play without inviting me. They appear what they are; poor vulgar creatures, I ought not to have expected better from them—would you believe it, when I passed by they laughed me out of countenance. Is not that very rude and ill-bred?

True, said her father, it was indeed very rude; but, perhaps, you offended them first.

I, answered she, I have done nothing to them. I would not demean myself to quarrel with such.—She stopped short, because she saw a frown on her father's brow. She then related to him, that she

126 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

had only told them how her singing was admired, and that she spoke French remarkably well; I told them indeed, added she, that I was soon to learn Italian, and kept them at a distance, that they might not tear my lace, they were so rude. Leonora, Leonora, said he, you have acted very simply. If you wish to be respected and loved, and that people should like to be in your company, you must not always speak of yourself and your talents, for you will then certainly disgust them. You must attend to what others say, and observe their good qualities, and not be eager to obtrude the little you know on every body you meet. I am not surprized that they laughed at you. If a man was to be in my company, who only talked of himself, and took care to let me see that he thought me an inferior, because he had a larger fortune than

than myself, I should laugh in his face.
For a proud man is always ridiculous.

He took her out of the garden and sent her home, telling her as he led her to the carriage, that he would take away her fine clothes and send her to a little farm house in the country, if she did not soon appear to have more sense, for pride is folly. A fool may wear fine clothes ; but a fool will never become wise.

CHAPTER. XXV.

THE other children continued playing with the same cheerfulness, and they became quite merry when they drew out the forfeits. One held the forfeit over the head of another, who mentioned some droll thing, which the owner was to do to redeem it. Sometimes they were obliged to turn into rhyme what they had just said, and to fill up verses after the rhymes, or last words in each line, had been written down with a pencil; or to find out some resemblance in two things which appeared to be very different; for instance, between a carp and a lark; others were commanded to receive some good advice from each of their playmates; thus was the amusement varied. As they were civil, good-natured children,

dren, they took care not to say any thing, even in joke, which could offend the rest. Endeavouring to please each other, they were so pleased themselves, that they grew more and more delighted with their sports, and every moment furnished a new subject to joke and laugh at.

They might have played till they were tired, if they had not been interrupted. The twilight had already overtaken them, and some of them wished for a light that they might continue to play in the Summer-house. But they were stopped short by a servant, who came to tell them, that supper waited for them.

What, eat so soon again? said Charles, a little angrily; I wish they would keep the supper to themselves, and allow us to remain together and play till it is time to go home. But they were obliged to go,

because the servant reminded them, that it would be rude and disrespectful, if they did not attend the company when they were sent for.

They now again all surrounded the table, and took their seats, with great form. The greater part of the guests began to eat the various dainties spread before them, though they did not feel the least hunger. Only Mr. Jones, the professor, and a few others contented themselves with some fruit and light things, and sought for their pleasure in conversation with those who sat next to them.

But these parties were soon interrupted by one of the guests, who stood up with a bumper in his hand, and drank to the health of the bride and bridegroom; most of the company followed his example, and filled out a bumper to the same toast;
but

but a few of them, as well as Mr. Jones, only lifted the glass to their lips and tasted a few drops.

Afterwards new toasts, or healths, were called for, and the glasses were quickly emptied; but the most reasonable part of the company only sipped a little to every toast, that they might not injure their health by drinking too much.

A certain young man, who was so foolish as to believe, that there was something noble and manly in being able to drink freely, remarked that Mr. Jones had not emptied his glass when the toast came to him.

Very well, Mr. Jones, said he, sneeringly, I believe you pass the bottle without filling your glass, fye for shame.

Why should I be ashamed, answered Mr. Jones, have I done something wrong?

You are very right to be sure, said the other; but when one is in company it is ridiculous to be singular. But, continued Mr. Jones, why must I drink? Is it to raise or depress my spirits?

Certainly, said the drinker, to raise your spirits; you see how lively I am, and all the honest fellows who drink with me.

Allow me then, returned Mr. Jones, to drink just as much as agrees with me, and I shall be in a very good humour, but if I am persuaded to drink more, I should to-morrow pass a very uncomfortable day.

The

The young man laughed, and ridiculed his prudence, but he was not to be moved by a foolish laugh, and let them push about the glass, and drink fresh toasts without forgetting his resolution.

They had not gone on long at this rate, before those who had drank most, lost the use of their reason. They all spoke loud together, so that the confusion of voices in the room soon became almost insupportable. Some began to chatter, and to tell all their secrets, which, as long as they were sober, they had very carefully concealed. Others, who were always serious when they were sober, said such absurd, foolish things, that even the children could not help laughing. Several began to quarrel, and it is impossible to say where they might have ended, if the professor, and a few more rational people, had not been very anxious to

I

calm

calm these hot heads. Mrs. Jones was very uneasy during this tumult, and looking every now and then at her husband, she sighed out her wish to get away: for the honest fellows were now so elevated, that no one was sheltered from insult. One of her neighbours had already thrown a glass of burgundy on her ruffle, because his hand shook so that he could not carry it to his mouth, and she was every moment in fear lest he should throw one over her gown.

Luckily her uneasiness did not last a long time. She saw her servant in the hall, who made signs that the coach was ready. She then slipped out quietly with her husband and children, and returned home to rest.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE next morning Mr. Jones and his family rose at their usual hour, and all were cheerful and well. Poor Mary only had cause to complain, that she had passed a very restless night and rose with a head-ache. She said her hair was so troublesome, that she could not sleep five minutes together, and she added in a sorrowful voice, she hoped she should not soon be again under the hands of the hair-dresser. Mrs. Jones now went to manage her family affairs, Mary and Charles to their master, and Mr. Jones to the counting-house, where he did business for some hours.

After he had done, he went to the Exchange, and called on some of the persons,

sons, with whom he had been in company the evening before. He was not admitted at the first house, because the servant said his master was still in bed, and was so sick that he was obliged to take several draughts of camomile tea. The second person he visited was only just risen, though it was near twelve o'clock. He was sitting in an arm chair, and looked as pale as death.

Mr. Jones asked him how he did this morning?

Very, very sick, said he, I drank too much yesterday. I have often resolved to be moderate, for I am not very fond of wine, but one is led away by example. When I am in company where they push the bottle round, and call me a milk-sop, to avoid being laughed at, and to look like a man, I imitate them and forget my

my resolution. I drink one glass, and another, and another, thinking always that one more cannot be of much consequence. So I go on till the spirit mounts into my brain, and then I scarcely know or care what I do. But I feel it with a vengeance afterwards, here. (He now struck his fist against his head,) saying, am I not a foolish weak man, who cannot govern myself? To tickle my palate for a few moments and to avoid the ridicule of fools, I make myself sick and out of humour for whole days together, and bring on an early old age. I am reckoned an old man before my time; every day some feast occurs, and I go to one to forget the pain I suffered from the other. Look at my red face, and see my legs, they begin to swell; I am almost afraid I shall fall into a dropsy; this is a miserable day for me; my head aches as if it would burst, and I am so stupid, that I shall

I shall not be able to do any business. This morning my stomach was so squeamish, I could not touch a bit of breakfast, and I know I shall not relish a morsel all day; and when I think of the thoughtless expressions I let drop yesterday, and how many acquaintance I have offended by my silly jokes, I am ready to stamp with indignation against myself.— But you look very well.

Yes, answered Mr. Jones, I never was in better health in my life. The company and the sight of my friend's happiness has raised my spirits, and the few glasses of wine I drank, did me more good than harm. I rose at my usual hour, and have already done my business in the counting-house.

You are a happy man—and I now recollect that I remarked your moderation yesterday,





*Whoever will enjoy Health and Content;
must be moderate.*

Published by J. Johnson, Jan^y 1. 1791.

yesterday, and that you did not drink more than you thought necessary to raise your spirits without heating your brain. You are a sober man, you practised a little self-denial, and now you have your reward; your head is light, and you do not every moment bite your lips to think what an irresolute fool you were! If I could but follow your example!

It has long been a fixed principle of mine, continued Mr. Jones, *that whoever will enjoy health and content, must be moderate.* I, in general, drink three glasses; and, in company, four. And when I have drunk these, I have done, though they bring in a variety of the richest wines. If I found out that drinking more than one glass affected my head or stomach, I would be content with one.

The other shook him by the hand, and assured him that he would try to do
so

140 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

so too.—Mr. Jones then wished that he might not again forget his resolution, and left him to pay another visit. He called on Mr. Goodman, and found him too unwell. He rubbed his forehead, and complained of lowness of spirits and heaviness. Mr. Jones was surprized, because he had observed that Mr. Goodman was a very sober man, and he expressed his astonishment, saying, you drank very little wine, why are you sick?

As to the wine, I drank very sparingly, said Mr. Goodman; but those artificial high-seasoned dishes do not agree with my stomach. And is it to be wondered at? The cook mixes a number of things brought from the East and West Indies, Germany, France and Italy, together, without thinking what effect this mixture will have on our stomachs, or how injurious it is to the blood; if it
tickles

tickles the palate, he is satisfied. Is it possible that such a hodge-podge should digest, or that such artificial compositions should not injure the blood, and interrupt the simple course of nature? Believe me, Mr. Jones, *made dishes are subtle poisons*. If I was daily to indulge myself with them, I believe, that in a few years I should fall into some lingering disorder, or grow melancholy. I am never so well as when I have beef or mutton simply dressed, and plenty of vegetables. What do you say?

You are perfectly right, dear Sir, answered Mr. Jones, my food is always very simple; I never have dainties, or two kinds of meat at my table, except I have company: and, even then, I take care not to eat more than usual because there is a variety of dainties; for if there are twenty dishes before me, I choose
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140 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

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the most simple to make my meal of, that I may not become heavy and unable to exercise my mind. My children are accustomed to the same fare, they seldom drink tea or coffee; and I really believe, that their health and gaiety arises from temperance.

This gave Mr. Goodman an opportunity to speak of his children; and, from his children, the conversation insensibly turned to his school. For Mr. Goodman being the usher of a grammar school, the greater part of the labour devolved on him.

Have many learned men been educated at your school? asked Mr. Jones.

Of learned men, said he, I cannot much boast, my learning is not very extensive; but this I may say, that several
young

young men have left our school, of whom I am not ashamed to own that I had a hand in their education. I have also two assistants, who are worthy industrious men; it would be strange if the boys did not improve when they are so closely attended to.

Mr. Jones received so much pleasure from Mr. Goodman's company, that he would have conversed still longer with him, if he had not heard the clock strike one before he thought it was near dinner time. He started up, and said, I am very sorry to leave you; but I must hasten home to give my family, by my own exactness, an example of punctuality.

Good morning; pray recollect, whenever business calls you to Bristol, that I shall be glad to see you.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHEN Mr. Jones returned, he was witness to a very disagreeable scene. As he passed by the parlour door, he heard a very loud voice and angry tone; he opened the door, and saw a woman with his wife, she foamed with rage, and was loading her with abuse. He had scarcely entered the room, when his wife caught his hand, and said, I am glad you are come!

What does all this mean? asked Mr. Jones. Do not ask me, said Mrs. Jones, I cannot tell you now.

Yes, cried the furious woman, striking her fist on the table, I will soon let you see with whom you have to do; you will

will not dare to treat me so again. You think, indeed, because you are a rich merchant's wife, you may treat as you please a poor person, without being called to account.—Your servant—it shall cost you dear, I promise you, you will have reason to remember me.

Good woman, said Mr. Jones, what is the matter? do you forget that you are in a decent house? if you have any complaint to make, if you have been used ill, moderate your anger, and let me hear quietly what it is.

Woman. Be so good as not to speak so warmly yourself, Mr. Jones. Begin by reproving your wife, then you may speak to me.

Mr. Jones. But what has my wife done?

146 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

Woman. She is a wicked woman, can you ask what she has done? Is she not a backbiter? Did she not say that I was a disorderly woman, who neglected my family, and drank all I could earn or beg? And if it was true, what business had she with it—does she give me money to buy it with?

Mr. Jones. But, perhaps my wife did not say so; from whom did you hear it?

Woman. Oh, your servant—ask such questions of a fool. I am satisfied that I had it from good authority; and you need not trouble yourself to enquire from whom I heard it.

Mr. Jones. Good woman, to cut the matter short, let me know who told you, and I will examine into the foundation of
this

this bustle. If not, you had better go home ; and if you have any real cause for complaint, you may apply to me whenever you please.

Woman. If you must know it—I heard it at little James's house.

Mr. Jones. Very well, I will enquire into the affair ; and if I find that you have been censured unjustly, we will try to make you some amends, and my wife will ask your pardon ; for she never persists in an error. Are you satisfied with this promise ?

The woman would still have gone on scolding ; but Mr. Jones having threatened to send for a constable, to shew her the way out of the house, she did not think it safe to stay any longer. After uttering some more vulgar expressions,

she went out, and flung the door so violently back, that all the windows rattled. Poor Mrs. Jones threw herself, pale and trembling, on a sofa. Mr. Jones too was a little disconcerted; he seated himself by his wife, pressed her hand, and, after a few moments silence, said, my dear, what have you done to exasperate this fury?

I will tell you all I know, answered Mrs. Jones. That woman worked for me; but she was so careless, and required such an extravagant price for what she did, that I determined to make some enquiries concerning her character, and heard that she was a drunkard; and, in short, a woman who had no sound principles, no notions of order or religion. At the same time Mrs. Sandford, whom I mentioned to you, was recommended to me as an industrious respectable woman,

man, who had seen better days. I then left her shop, and went to employ Mrs. Sandford; I suppose she has heard of this, and came to vent her spleen on me. I may have mentioned her vices; for I was sorry to hear that a woman, who could have maintained her family in a creditable manner, led such a disorderly life. But, if I have spoken of it, it must have been in this room, for you know I never mention things of this kind out of my own family; because I think that the faults of our neighbours should only be exposed to our family and friends by way of example, and not made the amusement of those idle hours when acquaintance meet.

I now recollect, replied Mr. Jones, that you said something of this kind to me, when you came home from Mrs. Sandford's; but it makes me very un-

150 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

easy to find, that what we say amongst ourselves should be repeated. There must be a *tell-tale* in our house; and I shall not be easy till I find out who it is.

He then sat down and wrote to the father of little James, who was the favourite play-fellow of Charles, and related the whole accident, requesting him to enquire which of his family had told the story, and from whom they had heard it.

He returned for answer, that his maid had been gossiping with the woman at her shop, and repeated to her what James had told her; Charles had mentioned it to him when they were playing together.

Mr. Jones instantly sent for Charles, and related, with a disturbed countenance and voice, in what a disagreeable situation he found his poor mother. Charles was
ready

ready to shed tears when he saw his mother seated, pale and trembling, on the sofa; he ran to her, and kissed her, saying, pray do not vex yourself lest you should grow sick.

But, asked Mr. Jones, do you know who is the cause of all this vexation?—Thou art!—Thou hast repeated, out of the house, what thy mother mentioned in confidence to me.

I, answered Charles, how could I repeat it out of the house? how could you think such a thing, dear father! I have never spoken a word to this wicked woman in my life.

I believe you, interrupted his father, but you have repeated that to James, which your mother confidentially imparted to me, which she spoke in the ear of her friend.

Charles was confused, and owned that he had mentioned it to James; but he did not suppose that he would have been so thoughtless as to have told it to the woman again.

He merely did what you had done before, said Mr. Jones; he only told the maid, and did not suppose that she would have mentioned it again. But she carried it to the woman's ear.

This account frightened and astonished poor Charles. He wet his sick mother's hand with his tears, and begged her to forgive him, for that he did not mean any harm, nor could have guessed the consequence of his folly.

A servant then entered, and asked if they would not have the dinner brought up, for that it had been ready above two hours,





*All this Vexation has been occasioned by
your Tattling.*

Published by J. Johnson, Jan^y 2, 1792

hours, and was almost dried to a chip before the fire.

Mrs. Jones waved her hand for him to leave the room, and sunk again on the sofa, saying, I cannot relish a bit to day—that woman has taken away my appetite.

Nor do I care for any thing, said Mr. Jones.

Now Charles wept bitterly, and begged his parents to taste something.

Why, asked Mr. Jones, do you wish us to eat, it would do us more harm than good. See, thoughtless child, *all this vexation has been occasioned by your tattling.*

Charles was ready to sink into the earth with trouble, for he sincerely loved his parents; yet, he now saw that he had

154 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

made his mother sick and his father uneasy. This sight gave him great pain, and he promised to be more careful, and never to repeat again the conversations he heard in the family.

I believe, said his father, that you are very sorry for the trouble you have caused us. I perceive also, that you have made a firm resolution never to chatter so idly any more ; but I do not yet know whether you can keep your word. I must for some time consider you as a child who has betrayed his father and mother, and send you out of the room when we are speaking of any thing we wish to keep secret. Is not that reasonable ?

Charles acknowledged his fault, sobbing, and again begged his mother not to vex herself, or it would make him cry his eyes out.—He then went to look for

his sister, to tell her all that had happened, how pale his mother looked, and how angry his father was,—and prayed her to take care and not tell any family secrets to her cousin Charlotte, lest she should also vex her parents. She promised him, and he gave her his hand, saying, that in future, he would be careful not to talk for the sake of talking.

They had now only to consider how they should silence this troublesome woman. Mr. Jones knew very well that all his wife had said was true; yet he did not wish to expose her again to the fury of such a woman. He went to her himself, and offered her a guinea, if she would hold her tongue, and let the matter drop; but declared he would proceed against her to the utmost rigour of the law if she presumed to come to his house again. The woman knew

156 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

very well that her conduct would not bear examination, and fearing to lose more customers, she was glad to accept of the terms, and promised to be quiet.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE following morning Mr. Jones received a note from the professor, in which he requested him to spend that afternoon with them in his father-in-law's garden. He assured him, that he had been much mortified on his wedding day, in not being able to enjoy the society of his friends. He added, that he now had only invited his particular friends to pass one cheerful afternoon in friendly conversation before his departure.

Mr. Jones had really some business to settle, and was not willing to put it off, while the desire of conversing with so many sensible men, the greater part of whom were to depart the next day, prevailed,

vailed, and made him accept the invitation.

The question now was whether he should take the children with him. His heart inclined to take them, because he loved them tenderly; but he wished first to know, if they had behaved in such a manner as to deserve this reward. He applied to his wife. She gave a very favourable account of Mary; and added that for some days past she had been perfectly satisfied with her conduct. She had been very industrious and on the watch to please; nay, that she had with pleasure remarked her particular attention in keeping her person clean and her clothes in order. Mr. Jones expressed the pleasure this account gave him, and instantly determined that Mary should be of the party. But what shall we do with Charles?

I should

I should gladly take him with us too, for he has behaved very well ever since he promised to govern his tongue; but the time of trial is not yet expired. As we are to be amongst friends, we may converse about things which should not be repeated, and if he were to tattle again, we might be involved in fresh troubles. Mrs. Jones was of the same opinion, and it was agreed that Charles should stay at home that evening.

Mary was now informed that they were going to drink tea in a beautiful garden, and that they would take her with them, if her drawers and closet were in order.

Oh, said she smiling, you will not catch them in confusion again, I believe. I first tried to keep them in order to please my mother, and to avoid the dreadful
pain

160 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

pain I felt when I was left at home alone, and now I find it is so pleasant to know where to find any thing I want, that I will never be careless any more. All my commands have the same tendency, said her mother; I assist your weak mind, and I am endeavouring to make you wise and happy, when I deny you any present pleasure: for you are yet too young to know what is really good. She then looked over her drawers, closet, and work-basket, and finding them all in order she smiled so good-humouredly on Mary, that she was delighted, and catching hold of her hand, said, I will never be careless again that you may always look at me as you do now, and that I may never cry as bitterly as I did when I saw the coach drive off—Oh!—that was a sad day, I shall never forget it!—no, never!

Afterwards

Afterwards they called Charles, and asked him if he should like to be of the party? Oh, yes, Oh yes, answered Charles in one breath. I believe you, said his father, and it would add to my pleasure if you partook of it.—But we are to meet a select company, and may converse in an unreserved manner about many things, which we should not choose to have repeated to mere acquaintance.

Charles interrupted him, I never will—indeed, I never will repeat a conversation again.—I am not a tatler now.—

I believe, continued his father, that you are firmly resolved to govern your tongue; but before I can trust you, I must see proofs that you have conquered this fault, and as bad habits are not overcome in a moment, you must suffer for your folly or you would soon forget it.

So

So the sorrowful Charles was obliged to remain at home. He went to walk in the garden alone, and sitting down under a tree, he wept, and for an hour could think of nothing but his own folly; then wiping his eyes and biting his tongue, he said, I will teach you, Mr. Tongue, to keep within my teeth.—I shall remember, how many sad hours I owe to my own thoughtlessness.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones, with Mary in their hand, now walked to Clifton, and met in a pleasant garden some intimate friends; beside the professor's family, they saw Mr. Goodman, with his wife and children, and the respectable old man, who had been the Professor's benefactor.

They drank coffee and eat cakes in the summer-house, and conversed without observing the charming garden they came

to see. Mr. Jones found it very close, and stood up, saying, of what use is that beautiful garden, if we remain shut up in this room? Would it not be better to enjoy the fresh air, and observe the various plants which grow there in such abundance? The whole company owned they wished to taste the sweet air, and breathe with more freedom; and they each took the companion which affection or chance threw in their way.

Mr. Jones took the Professor's arm, and they walked up and down, conversing without reserve, for they were sincere honest men, who loved each other. Mr. Jones was heartily glad when the Professor told him that he intended to take Mr. Goodman's son with him to Oxford and direct his studies; his father, said he, appears to me to be a very good man.

Yes,

Yes, an excellent man, indeed! said the Professor; if all the schoolmasters I know did their duty as conscientiously as he does, we should soon have another kind of world. He is as anxious about his scholars as if they were all his own children; and he never neglects them one day without the most pressing necessity. He has such an admirable method, that we always rejoice when a student comes from his school: for we, in general, find them industrious, orderly young men, prepared to receive our instructions.

But the master and the other assistants, they should not be forgotten in the praise you bestow on the school.

No, answered the Professor, they deserve some, they are respectable; but Mr. Goodman has made them so by example and
and

and remonstrances—the school was in a lamentable state when he came to it. And, have you not heard of his writings? he is reckoned one of our best writers. He has lately published a book, which has been much admired.

I am astonished, said Mr. Jones; when I conversed with him, he never boasted of his abilities and learning, nor even of the scholars he had formed; but praised those who assisted in conducting the school.

Yes, yes, continued the Professor, that is his way. He is a very *modest* man. He says nothing of himself, and his own abilities; but dwells on all the good he observes in others; and, on this very account, I particularly esteem him. If he had still more learning and superior talents, and was always boasting of them, and bringing them forward to notice, I should

should not, I assure you, either respect or love him as I now do. All the qualities we possess, lose above half their value when we praise ourselves.—And of what use is this praise? Men need only be virtuous and do their duty, and others will hear of it without their telling them. A good horse cannot praise himself; yet, I discover his good qualities, if I have only rode him a single hour.

While they were speaking, Mr. Goodman himself happened to meet them. Mr. Jones went up to him with respect; and, cordially pressing his hand, said, worthy man, receive the homage due to your goodness! I have heard of your many virtues! I have heard of your talents, your benevolence and industry, though you were so silent; but even this modesty increases my veneration. *The praise we receive from others always reflects*
more

more honour on us than when we boast of ourselves. I perceive, answered Mr. Goodman, that the Professor has been talking of me; he loves me, and always discovers more merit in me than any one else can, I fear.

They then entered into a friendly dispute; and Mr. Goodman turned the conversation, with his usual modesty, saying, it is our duty and happiness to be as good as we can, and be more careful to correct our faults than boast of our good qualities or virtues.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MARY chatted during this time with little Emilia, Mr. Goodman's daughter, who gave her a description of every thing remarkable in her village and house. Amongst other things, she said, that her present mother was not her own mother, but a step-mother: her own mother, she said sorrowfully, she had never known, because she died when she was an infant.

A step-mother, do you say? replied Mary, quite surprized, a step-mother!—poor child! I have always heard that step-mothers were very cruel; that they beat poor children, and do not give them enough to eat.

Do

Do not believe such stories, dear Mary, answered Emilia! I remember I heard the same thing, but I found it very different. It is possible there may have been many cruel step-mothers; and, for that reason, I wish that all good children may keep their own parents; but my step-mother is certainly the best woman in the world. She has her own children, and my mother's, but she loves us as well as her own. The cakes and fruit she distributes amongst us are always in equal shares; when they are naughty they are always punished as severely as I am, when I am careless or neglect my work. She has only once given me a blow; and I am ashamed to tell you that I deserved it; for telling her a lie, and persisting in it, though she took me gently by the hand, and told me what a dreadful thing a lie was. And this is her usual method; she melts me by her kindness,

and I promise to try to become better ; for I know now that I acquired some bad habits before my father married again. What then would have become of me if I had not had a step-mother ? My own mother was gone to Heaven.—I never saw her, though my father says I sucked her milk till a few days before she died : but my step-mother had pity on me, and has taught me to read and work ; nay, to tell truth and be orderly—my father loves me twice as well as he did—and I do love my father, though people say I am passionate and have a bad temper. I wish to be good. And then, when I was sick, yes, very sick, she sat up with me all night, and was so kind—who knows where I should have been now, but for her !

While she was speaking, they met the gardener. John, said she, may I gather a nosegay ? My mother bade me always

ask you, lest I should gather some flowers your master set a particular value on, or any you were saving for seed.

You are very good, miss, replied he ; but you may pluck any you see in these left-hand beds, only do not touch my carnations ! She then sought for some of the sweetest flowers, and bound them up into a pretty nosegay. She ran to look for her step-mother, and found her sitting on a bank ; she stuck the flowers hastily in her bosom, and said, with tears in her eyes, *dear mother.*

Mrs. Jones did not meet with such an agreeable companion. She walked with the sister of the bride, whose conversation she found very tiresome ; nay, it gave her great pain. She had been brought up by a relation ; and, in her childhood,

been with thoughtless, idle people ; and had learned from them the dreadful custom of *slandering*, or speaking ill of every body. Mrs. Jones did not yet know her evil propensity ; she took her arm in a friendly manner, and said, your sister's marriage with such a worthy man gave me great pleasure. I congratulate you, and sincerely wish that they may all their lives enjoy the happiness they merit. Hannah, for that was the name of this malicious girl, thanked her coldly for the part she took in the happiness of her family. But, continued she, with a sneering laugh, I know not whether the Doctor's happiness, or, if you please, the Professor's, will be so very great. Now it is only the honey-moon, as the vulgar say, the sky is full of stars. But when he has his wife at home a month or two, he will soon see what a fine choice he has made. I really do not know what he will

will do with her. She knows nothing of the management of a family, and she has such a bad temper, God help those who are to live always with her! for my part I am very glad that she is now out of our house. The worthy Professor will have trouble enough with her; but then (she laughed again) the worthy Professor has no right to find fault with her. I know him, and know all his tricks.—I must not mention them—but—Mrs. Jones—Mrs. Jones, if you knew what I know, you would form quite a different opinion of him.

Mrs. Jones now testified her surprise, and assured her that she had never heard any thing but good of him and her sister. Besides, Mr. Goodman had praised them, and he was certainly a worthy sensible man.

He may be a learned man, answered Hannah, but he is nothing more. He leaves all things at sixes and sevens; and if any one will give him a glass of wine, he will say all that is kind and good of them for it. I do not love to speak ill of others; but I know very well what they say of his wife: ha! ha! ha! she can skin a flint in the management of her house—you will see more sunshine than bread there, I hear.

Mrs. Jones earnestly endeavoured to defend her friends; for she knew them, and would not suffer such artful calumny to shake her good opinion. But the more she defended their characters, the more ill this malicious girl said of them. She turned the conversation on other persons; and she had something bad to tell of every one. If she could not instantly recollect something, she turned up
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her nose so scornfully, that any one would have supposed she knew something very bad of them. Mrs. Jones listened above half an hour to these malicious flanders, for she could not stop her; unable to endure it any longer with patience, she looked at her with contempt, and abruptly interrupted her. Madam, said she to her, you have recollected something ill of every person you have mentioned; I should be glad to hear you, just to turn the torrent, say something good of any of them.

How can I help it, said she, if people are not better? How can I speak well of them, when they have nothing good in them?

What, continued Mrs. Jones, are you not ashamed of yourself! Have you heard nothing good of any of those persons

176 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

sons you have been calumniating? I love and esteem them all, because I know them to be good; but if I only believed half what you have said of them, they would sink so low in my opinion, that they would forfeit the place they have in my esteem; I should be forced to despise them as being destitute of virtue and honour. Is not this detestable? Hannah! Hannah! if you robbed me of my watch or purse, it would be very wrong; but it would not be so blameable an action as slandering, if you deprived me of my reputation, and thus robbed me of my honour! However precious my watch may be, I can purchase another if it is stolen; but gold cannot rub out the stains you might fix on my good name. But think how much you have injured yourself. How can I respect a person who has spoken in such a style of her own sister and brother? If I were to repeat
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We loathe a Slanderer as we do a Viper.

to them, to Mr. Goodman, or any of the other persons you have mentioned, only half what you have said of them, what do you suppose would be the consequence?

What do you say, dear madam? interrupted the frightened Hannah; surely you will not repeat what I have spoken to you, because I considered you as my friend. I did not mean any harm.

If I, answered Mrs. Jones, spare you, you will soon betray yourself. You will soon lose every friend you have; all your acquaintance will fly from you, they will despise and loath you. *We loathe a slanderer as we do a viper.* I, at least, shall take care in future not to come so near you, lest you should again fasten on my ear, as you have done to-day, to instill poison into my heart. For whoever speaks ill to me of all the world, will

178 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

certainly not speak well of me when my back is turned.

Saying so, she hastily left the malicious girl standing alone, not knowing what to do with herself, she was so vexed. She walked angrily up and down the garden; and, meeting her sister, would have begun to speak ill of Mrs. Jones; but she would not hear her, and turned from her, saying, I know you, sister; and I know Mrs. Jones. I have not time to listen to you.

This made her very angry; when the whole company were cheerful, and walked about chatting and laughing, Hannah flew to a dark corner, and seated herself there, the prey of her own malice.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XXX.

MRS. JONES then walked round the garden to seek for a companion in whose conversation she might find more pleasure. She first met Mary, who told her, with joy, what a good step-mother Emilia had. A little after she met the Professor's godfather, who walked with her all round the garden, pointed out what was most beautiful, explained the nature of plants; and shewed her how carefully the seed was preserved in them all, that nothing might perish. He made Mary remark how the sap circulated through their leaves and stalks, in the same manner as the blood through the human body; and, after conversing in this instructive manner, he went into the sum-

mer-house to rest himself, and desired them to pursue their walk.

They turned out of the garden into a little inviting lane, and saw a woman sitting spinning, with three children round her. Mary observed them first, and said to her mother, pray look, what a nasty woman! What dirty children! They have such patched clothes, are without stockings and shoes, and their feet are so black—O fy!

Mrs. Jones whispered her in the ear, you must not so soon despise these poor people, my child; they may be very good, though they have scarcely rags enough to cover them, and are dirty. The bride's mother now looked out of the garden gate, and seeing Mrs. Jones, advanced towards her.

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There is a look of goodness and honesty in that woman's countenance which interests me, said Mrs. Jones, addressing her.

Yes, Madam, I always feel pleasure when I pass by her. There she sits all day spinning or knitting, to earn bread for her children; and when she can get nothing to do, she comes to me to weed the garden. They have been at work in the garden to-day, or the children would not look so dirty; for though they have but few clothes, she keeps them clean. Look, there comes her husband; poor man, he lost the use of his hands by working at a white-lead manufactory. He went into the hospital, and his wife sold one thing after another to maintain him. I heard of her distress. You know I am not rich, and have a large family, but I let them turn the
house

182 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

house in which I kept my garden-tools into a little dwelling; and that woman now maintains her husband and children. She is, indeed, a good woman! I cannot bear to see the poor despised, or that people should think themselves better because they wear fine clothes, and have dainties to eat. *And what would the rich do without the poor?* We should be obliged to do all our work ourselves. The garden you have admired would be covered with weeds, but for these little hands. What should we do for linen and stockings, if the poor did not spin? What a quantity of work I should have to do! I must spin and knit for my whole family, and take the rake and hoe to keep my garden in order. I fancy I should not have more time to attend to my dress than this poor woman. Indeed, she is my superior; how many idle hours have I spent when she

she has been toiling to do her duty, though despised by the world. God, the great Father of us all, sees her virtues, and will reward them;—nay, he even now rewards them. She has a contented heart; I often hear her singing at work, and she enjoys good health. I have some of the comforts of life, but they all come from the labours of the poor. I buy the wool they have spun, have it made into clothes, and send it to France and Holland, and the profit which arises from it supports my family.

Pardon my warmth, dear Madam, I have still in my mind the quarrel I had this morning with my unhappy daughter Hannah. Would you believe it, that weak girl called these poor people beggars; but I did not let her foolish pride pass unreprieved. Whom do you call beggars? said I. Did you acquire your own fortune? If your father had not been as indus-

184 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

industrious, and luckier than this honest man, you would be as poor as these children. If their clothes are not good, they are well patched, which proves that they spend their time better than you do, who sit half the day before the glass curling your hair. If they could employ as much time about their persons as you do, and were not obliged to work from morning till night to earn their bread, their clothes would be in better order than yours are, I will venture to say. I own that they want manners; but where should they learn manners, who have never conversed with well-educated people? However, they are civil and good-natured, and that is far preferable to the insincere compliments you use, who praise people to their faces, and ridicule them when their backs are turned. If you call this good breeding, I heartily wish

wish my daughter had never been so well bred.

Mrs. Jones drew near to the good woman, and entered into conversation with her in the most friendly manner; enquired about her husband's illness, the age of her children, and what she intended to do with them. The woman was quite delighted with her attention, and gave an account of her distress in such simple words, that Mrs. Jones's eyes filled with tears. God fits the back to the burden, Madam, said she, and when he takes away one support gives another; when my husband could no longer work, Madam here gave us a house, and while I have health my babes shall not want a bit of bread, praised be God for it: and my husband too earns a little matter by carrying messages to Bristol: he has no hands to carry parcels with, for, blefs
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186 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

your heart, he is as weak as a child! We cut his meat for him, and help him on with his clothes; and he richly deserves all we can do for him. You would not see us in this plight if he could work.—Yes, he was always a sober man; I never had to follow him to an ale-house, as some poor women are obliged to do, with a babe crying at their breast, thank God for it! And now he cannot work, he reads good books to us, so my children will have a little learning, and not be brought up like brutes. Mary was then ashamed of herself, for having despised such good people, whom her mother treated with so much respect; besides, she had listened attentively to the account which the Lady had given of this poor woman's distress; how she loved her husband and children—and she heard that God loved her:—She then blushed for her folly, and trembled lest her mother

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ther should mention it, and compare her with the foolish proud Hannah. Creeping behind her mother, she advanced to the children, began to talk to them, and slipped all the money she had in her pocket into a little girl's hand, bidding her not for the world to say a word of it to her mother till she was out of the garden.

Mrs. Jones then took leave of this woman, saying, I will send your children some clothes before the cold weather comes on; and do you continue to be as industrious as you have been hitherto, and you will be content, as content as I am. The things I most value are a good conscience and health, a sober husband, and good children—and you have all these:—Money never purchased contentment. If, with my fortune, I had a weak constitution, or a bad husband, I should

should wish myself in your situation spinning at a wheel.

The poor woman was affected—she pressed Mrs. Jones's hand, and said, Thank you, kind Madam, may God bless you and your children.

Mrs. Jones had scarcely turned her back, when the poor woman said to her children, Gracious heart, what a pretty spoken gentlewoman that is—how good-natured—she has not a bit of pride in her; and the little Miss, she is as good-tempered as an angel.

Do you hear, Madam, said the Lady of the house to Mrs. Jones, what that poor woman says? Your conversation with her has raised you highly in my esteem; you have given her more pleasure than if you had haughtily thrown her
a guinea.

a guinea. It must be dreadfully mortifying to poor people to see the rich enjoy so many things which they are obliged to do without, and to feel that they are ridiculed and despised, because they have them not; and it would not be surprising if such treatment roused their hatred—for a worm will turn again when it is trodden on. But a friendly look, a few kind words, will gain their hearts, and make their cares lighter. They wish us to remember that we all descended from the same parents—all look up to the same God.

The day now began to shut in; it was twilight, and preparations were made for a moderate supper, of which they all partook, except Hannah, who retired to her own room, pretending that she had got the tooth-ache. They all
seemed

190 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY:

seemed to be glad of her absence, because they knew that in company she did nothing but pry into every conversation to gather something which she could tell again, and to find matter to feed her malicious spirit. She was a poor unhappy creature; *those who are eager to find faults in others have seldom many good qualities of their own.*

They spent the evening so pleasantly, that no one thought of going home till it struck twelve; then they were obliged to separate, and took leave of each other with assurances of friendship and remembrance.



END OF VOLUME II.

